

## Reverie

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31887934) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31887934>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Not Rated</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Major Character Death</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">Gen</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Dream SMP</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Dream SMP Ensemble &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit &amp; Kristin Rosales Watson</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity/Karl Jacobs/Sapnap</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound &amp; Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Eret &amp; Jack Manifold &amp; Niki   Nihachu</a> , <a href="#">Noah Brown &amp; Clay   Dream</a> , <a href="#">Past Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) - Relationship</a>
Character:	<a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Kristin Rosales Watson</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Alexis   Quackity</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Niki   Nihachu</a> , <a href="#">Jack Manifold</a> , <a href="#">Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sam   Awesamdude (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Noah Brown</a> , <a href="#">Foolish (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ponk   DropsByPonk (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Dimension Travel</a> , <a href="#">Time Travel</a> , <a href="#">Traumatized TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Touch-Starved TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit Needs a Break (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit Nearly Dies (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; TommyInnit Friendship (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Platonically Married Ranboo and Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo and Toby Smith   Tubbo Have a Child Named Michael</a> , <a href="#">Protective Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Protective Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Protective Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Protective Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Piglin Hybrid Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sheep Hybrid Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">no beta we burn like I'manburg</a> , <a href="#">I gift this work to the goverment to spite c!Technoblade</a> , <a href="#">Even tho I don't like the goverment Btw fuck C!Dream</a> , <a href="#">R!Dream supremacy</a> , <a href="#">I still stand by this statement</a> , <a href="#">I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping</a> , <a href="#">Character Death</a> , <a href="#">Sheep Hybrid Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">References to Ancient Greek Religion &amp; Lore</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream Needs a Hug (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit Needs a Hug (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Baby Animals</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs is So Whipped</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap is So Whipped (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Malewife Quackity</a> , <a href="#">Help me make this into a tag</a> , <a href="#">Everyone Loves TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Author is Not a Clay   Dream Apologist (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Author is a TommyInnit Apologist (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Author is a Daydream Apologist (ReverieVerse)</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Fanfics I'd eat again at 3 am and already have</a> , <a href="#">so what im a tommyinnit kin</a> , <a href="#">And the Universe Said You are an Insomniac</a> , <a href="#">DSMP_favs</a> , <a href="#">Cross' Collection of DSMP/SBI fics (unfinished)</a> , <a href="#">OMG ( °</a>

√°) Pogchamp DSMP Fanfic!! , Pog DISC DUO Collection ☺ ☹ !!! ( · ㅓ · ) , Mostly TommyInnit Fics, The fanfics that had me lying awake at night like omg, fluffy discduo, Things, WOO Insomnia Time, In Which TommyInnit Meets Time\Dimension Travel, Altes' "Cream of the Crop" top rated DSMP fics

Stats:

Published: 2021-06-11 Updated: 2022-05-08 Chapters: 21/22 Words: 57884

## Reverie

by [SaveEvans](#), [Seriochol](#)

### Summary

"Tommyinnit was many things.

He was a hero, a martyr, a scapegoat, a 'child', a solider, a menace.

He was also very fucking tired.

The fight in Las Nevadas between his newly revived brother and his former good friend bought back buried memories, and Tommy resolved to just walk away from it when his ears started to ring.

He never expected to collapse against a tree and wake up with Dream's fucking face hovering over him.

He never catches a break, huh?

TL:DR, Tommyinnit crashes through realities and wakes up somewhere entirely different, with the face of his enemy being his first greeting into the world.

### Notes

Our [Tumblr](#)! Ask box is open, and we put art there!  
You're free to send us anything related to the fic!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Prologue - Same as Ever

Let it be said that Tommyinnit hates loud noises for a very good reason. After all the crap that happened with explosions, who wouldn't be afraid of that shit? Sadly, dissolving into barely hidden panic when someone starts yelling or when he hears a crash has been more and more common these days, prime forbid if an actual explosion went off near him, he'd probably lose his shit right then and there.

So you can't really blame the blonde for biting his lip so hard it bleeds as he listens to fucking **Wilbur** and Quackity of all people scream at each other. He mostly tuned them out a while after they started, but he still flinched whenever one of them would turn to him too sharply, or if their hand rose up too suddenly. He hates himself for being so easily scared, because god damn it, he's fine isn't he? He fucking died and here he is, still alive and kicking like a fucking cockroach that refuses to die.

The teen has taken to insulting himself long before his revival, so the casual self-deprecating thoughts don't really seem alarming to him; *even if they should have, he used to be borderline egoistical, but now?* Plus everyone kept telling him how annoying and shitty he was, so it's not like he's wrong.

Tommy sighed to himself quietly, grumbling at the taste of iron in his mouth; he's very well acquainted with it. Before raising his eyes to stare at his brother, ~~Wil most likely didn't see him like that anymore~~ Wilbur and Big Q. The two seemed to have moved into the water, not caring as both of their pants got soaked, perhaps getting into each other's faces to yell profanities and accusations was more important than the thought of soaked socks for them.

They were steadily getting louder and louder, Tommy wouldn't be surprised if everyone within a five kilometer radius could hear them by now. They also seem to keep mentioning him. Well, Tommy is awesome, so he understands but still...

He doesn't know why he still bothers to lie to himself about his self esteem.

The blue eyed boy thinks that, at this moment, they sound like a divorced couple fighting for the custody of their kid. Tommy thinks this sounds an awful lot like when Wilbur yelled at Phil for abandoning them, before promptly announcing he's leaving and taking Tommy with him. The memory is making his good eye blur with tears and his ears are beginning to ring, so Tommy decides to do the one thing he seems to never really do unless it involves people in masks.

Tommyinnit turns tail and runs away from conflict.

He actually gets pretty far before he realizes he can't hear the screaming anymore, and that makes the blonde think they either didn't see him leave or that they simply just don't care enough to follow him, ~~he thinks it might be the second one~~. Either way, that's good for him, because now it's finally quiet aside from the occasional peep of a bird or the rustle of leaves.

The golden haired teen sighs, massaging his temples tiredly as he works to get rid of the ringing in his ears and his slight migraine, he's been having a lot of those lately, especially ever since he got revived, ~~it might just be the phantom pain of Dream hitting his head against the floor the walls, the bed, the sink over and over and over, but he hopes it's just a migraine~~, and it's annoying as shit to deal with it when he's just trying to do stuff.

A loud splash breaks the blonde out of his thoughts, making him jump, noticing he just stepped

into a small creek like a dumbass while whining inside his head. Tommy cursed quietly, stepping out of the cold water, furrowing his brows at his now soaking shoes, there he goes again, being a dumbass. At least this time nobody was there to complain about it.

As Tommy stared at his wet shoes, he couldn't help but let his gaze wander towards the reflection in the water. He paused, shocked at the sight of own face staring at him. It's kind of weird looking at his face after so long of avoiding any reflective surface on the server, and it was for a good reason too. He didn't want to see what other people saw after he got out of exile, or after doomsday, and ESPECIALLY not after getting revived, but...

But it's too late now, and prime, despite joking about how much of a big handsome man he is and how many women he gets daily in the past, he never really cared about how he looked, and now? Now... He looked like utter shite. His once golden blonde hair had a pure white patch in the front, obnoxiously loud even against his light locks of hair. His already pale skin reminded him of an off white sheet of paper, and he had giant, dark under eye bags. And that's not even the worst part! There's multiple scars he already knows he had, but he's never seen them. And ....and they're... they're *horrid*, there's a large one stretched across his right cheek, dark and red despite it being months since **Dream** slashed him across the face with an axe, there's a few small scars on the bottom right of his jaw from stupid accidents, a sizable burn covering the entirety of his left cheek from when that green bitch blew up Logstedshire, and...

Tommy's left eye is fucked, he already knew that, of course he did, since he could barely see out of it and it hurt like a bitch for ages after he came back, but he didn't like to think about how it looked.

His eye is squinted, nearly shut if he didn't actively force it to be open out of sheer stubbornness, it's glazed over and almost an ashy grey instead of the usual bright dull shade of polished diamonds, and there are scars covering it, like someone tried to claw it out.

~~Tommy pretends Dream didn't try to do that as he slammed him into the obsidian floor, it's not much, but it makes him feel a bit better.~~

Tommy hates looking at himself. But at least his clothes are okay, sure, his bandana is a bit torn, but Wilbur's old jacket was intact, fixed up and clean, ~~he had to fight Wilbur to keep it, it was his now, it had a Snowchester pin on it, and Tubbo even added a fur trim and fixed the sleeves and ends of it, anyways, so it wasn't exactly the old jacket Wilbur had anyways,~~ the new sweater he knitted covers up his old shirt he has underneath, and overall he doesn't look too bad!

*He looks dead, he should be.*

Tommy doesn't realize he started to shake until he's stumbling back, hitting a tree and sliding down against it, the blonde barely holds back the panic at hitting something solid on accident, but there's another feeling crawling up his chest and into his throat. Loss.

Because Tommy has lost everything that made him Tommy, didn't he? His possessions (*the discs, his house, multiple times, Logstedshire, L'manburg...*), his family (*Phil, Techno, Tubbo, Wilbur-*), his personality (*He used to be so loud, but Dream made him quiet, Dream conditioned him into a toy*), and even his **face** (*Because he didn't look like Tommyinnit anymore, Tommy didn't have scars and deep eyebags and too white skin, he wasn't so thin all his clothes basically swallowed him up, he looked like a soldier, veteran, but guess what? That's what he is.*)

*The blonde barely realizes he's heaving as he passes out, air desperately coming in and out as he curls in on himself against the tree.*

---

*He's floating, is the first thing he realizes when he opens his eyes. He halfway expects darkness all around him, like when he was in the limbo, but instead there's a large field with floating lanterns in the sky, along with a beautiful sunrise that seems to be going incredibly slow.*

*Tommy thinks it looks beautiful, but he doesn't really understand where this is. He's never been in a place like this before...and there's no one here.*

*He starts to take a step forward, but is stopped by a hand grabbing his shoulder, making him jolt in panic. The teen turned around expecting the worst, and had to bite back a scream at the figure behind him.*

*The being behind him was tall, **too tall**, taller than both foolish and Ranboo, with **two** large pairs of wings stretching from behind his back, his hair is the colour of wet sand and he's wearing a **green** cloak, he's*

*He's wearing a white mask.*

*Tommy opens his mouth to scream, but everything goes black before he can.*

---

As the teen comes to, the first thing he hears is chirping and the rustling of leaves everywhere around him. He doesn't want to get up, the weird nightmare (*because anything involving that greenscreen was a nightmare for him*) he had made him afraid that he'll see that bastard again even if that's impossible-

"Hey? You good?"

**Oh.**

"Can you hear me?"

**No.**

"Kid? Hey-"

**This isn't real.**

"Oh prime, please don't tell me you're-"

Tommy's eyes snapped open, and his worst assumption came true right before his eyes, *and his world seemingly crumbled between his fingers.*

Dream was fucking Taken stood above him, looking as good as new, as if he has never been in prison, looking better then he did before everything went downhill, and he stood there and had the audacity to act like nothing was wrong.

"Oh shit, you're awake! Here, let me-" the *monster* reached down towards him.

*He was gonna touch him, he was gonna hurt him, **he was gonna kill him-***

The blonde screamed at the top of his lungs, and the world stilled.

# Chapter 1 | Strangely Unfamiliar

## Chapter Summary

After catching his breath, the blonde looked up, noticing that he was on the edge of the forest he woke up in. Now that he thought about it, how did he wake up here? He passed out against a tree next to a creek, not in the middle of the woods.

What the fuck is going on? *Where is he?*

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy screamed, and barely registered that he scrambled away from the outstretched hand of his abuser, because fuck, he can just see that hand **curling into a fist and smashing into his face-**

But surprisingly, that didn't happen.

The man who haunted Tommy's mind for ages flinched back, as if he didn't expect for him to freak out as soon as he saw him. The blonde knows Dream knows how much he fucked him up, so why is he acting so surprised? Maybe it's because his voice was so piercing, ~~so loud, so annoying~~. But then again he never really reacted, even when he got loud and screamed for help in the prison, he just laughed at him, well, at least until he pissed him off too much...

The blonde teen forced his thoughts away from that topic, knowing he'd work himself up even more if he let himself be consumed by the flashbacks, he definitely doesn't want to make it easier for Dream to drag him off somewhere by passing out. Tommy may be absolutely terrified of the green bastard, but he's still too stubborn, and much too prideful to succumb to this greatest enemy that easily, not again. The blue eyed boy gritted his teeth and forced himself to look straight at the man of his nightmares, he seemed... different. His clothes were very similar to what he wore during the first disc war. A casual, dark green hoodie with rolled up sleeves, a black short sleeved undershirt, black pants, combat boots and straps for weapons...and of course, that stupid, horrible mask. Otherwise, Dream looked...well, it looked like you plucked him straight out of the past.

Said man seemed apprehensive of him, ~~how strange, since it should definitely be the other way around~~. He, thankfully, didn't try to go near him again. Tommy's 99,9% sure the green bitch is just trying to lull him into a false sense of security, too bad for Dream he's already much too traumatized to trust him ever again.

"Uh..." Tommy tensed up when Dream started speaking, everytime he heard his voice dread crawled up his back "Are you...okay? Wait, sorry, that's a stupid question- uh-" the teen almost snorted at how awkward the sandy blonde sounded, did the prison deteriorate his social skills? ~~Good, that way he won't be able to manipulate people as well as before anymore.~~

The blonde opted to stay silent, he didn't want to aggravate Dream, the thought of a fist or a kick coming his way made him feel like throwing up. Tommy tried his best to look as unbothered as possible, but he was barely holding back tears and his hands were trembling violently by his sides. He hates being vulnerable. He hates that Dream makes him feel this way. He hates Dream. Why is he here? Did Wilbur manage to get him out? Did Technoblade? As a final fuck you to Tommy,

finally doing Dream a favour by getting him out of prison?

~~He hopes not, he'd never be able to forgive his brother, and he's already forgiven a lot, even without getting an apology. Not like Tommy deserves one.~~

Dream looked unnerved by the silence, shuffling in place for a good moment, and if Tommy wasn't so panicked he'd relish in the clear discomfort radiating from the dirty haired blonde, before he did something that made Tommy nearly screech again. He moved forwards, slowly getting closer to Tommy as if he were a cornered, feral animal, but then again, he probably looks like one to Dream anyways.

However, if Dream expects that Tommy will just let him touch him, he's dead wrong.

As soon as Dream was close enough, *Tommy did his best to ignore how that made his stomach flip horribly, anxiety and fear coursing through his body more and more as the older man got closer to him*, Tommy did something both very brave and very stupid. The blonde pulled one of his hands back and punched the monster straight in the mask, harshly enough that he heard a loud "crack" echo from it. And if the pained shout from the young man was anything to go by, he hit hard enough for it to hurt a lot.

Dream stumbled back, hands rising to cradle his face in pain from the sucker punch, Tommy used the momentary distraction to get up and run.

He barely got ten feet away before he heard a loud "Hey- **WAIT!-**" and the sound of scrambling footsteps behind him. Panic quickly rose in his chest as he stumbled and felt a hand nearly grasp at the back of his jacket. Thinking fast, he elbowed the bitch behind him and felt immense satisfaction at the loud "*Oof!*" and the thump he heard behind him. Tommy quickly ran in-between the trees, using the coverage to his advantage, he knows he didn't lose him by the sound of cursing and distant footsteps, but Tommy isn't stupid.

Opening his inventory and looking through it frantically, come on, he knows he had one of- **bingo!**

Tommy quickly dove into a bush as he pulled out the bottle from his inventory, which would probably look really dumb from outside perspective, but he had a plan. A plan that included drinking a disgusting tasting potion.

Unscrewing the cork with shaky hands, he quickly downed it in two gulps, face scrunching up at the taste reminiscent of old socks and strangely enough, bananas. Tommy sometimes wondered how that taste could come from spider eyes. Despite the disgusting taste, the potion worked like a charm, because the tingling feeling of invisibility spread through his body fast and Prime, if the blonde had any less dignity he would cry with relief.

As soon as he heard the footsteps run past him, he almost slumped in relief, but forced himself to stay as still as possible, after all, moving in the bushes would make noise, and Dream would notice the obvious dent in them if he got close enough to him. ~~And he'd be so angry at him, and Tommy knows what happens when Dream is angry.~~

Even when the footsteps faded off into the distance, along with the obviously fake cries of concern from the older male, Tommy didn't feel safe enough to move. He doesn't know how long he sat there, but by the time he decided to get up, the invisibility potion had begun to wear off and his legs were starting to feel numb. The blonde looked around for a few seconds, just to make sure Dream wouldn't mysteriously pop out of nowhere, ~~he has the tendency to pop up when Tommy was at his worst or when he needed him the least~~, and well, when he saw no sign of the man anywhere? He bolted, again.



Tommy feels like a coward, running away from conflict is something he doesn't do, but Dream? He wouldn't stand a chance against him, even with the best armour and all his battle experience, he has too much trauma to fight with the man who caused the majority of it, so he ran, and ran far, far away.

By the time he came to a stop, he was heaving and hunched over, adrenaline wearing off after running for a full few kilometers. Tommy had a pretty good stamina, it's just that after dying and being almost starved to death, ~~because Dream kept killing all the animals in exile so he couldn't get any food, so that he had to depend on Dream for it. It just got harder to eat after dying, it just didn't feel natural anymore,~~ he gets tired more easily. After catching his breath, the blonde looked up, noticing that he was on the edge of the forest he woke up in. Now that he thought about it, how did he wake up here? He passed out against a tree next to a creek, not in the middle of the woods.

Tommy really hoped Dream wasn't the one to find him and drag him there, because the thought of that man ever touching him again made him want to scratch off his own skin. Prime, even being near him made him scream in fear, who's to say what he'd do if Dream touched him?

The teen sighed tiredly, slowly trudging forward, he knows he can't stop walking, Dream is still out there in the forest, looking for him, and well, Tommy is tired, so if he gets out of here and finds a hidden shelter somewhere, he can rest for at least a little bit. Prime, his head hurts so much and his legs are shaking, and his ears are ringing ever so slightly. He must be really stressed.

The blue eyed teen snorted, yeah, it's not like he's ever not fucking stressed, anyways, so he shouldn't be complaining, ~~it's all he ever does, like the annoying child he is.~~ Tommy really wishes he didn't allow himself to be dragged into Las Nevadas with Wilbur, maybe then he wouldn't be in this mess of a situation.

All the blonde wants is some sleep that won't get interrupted by nightmares and some fucking peace, but no. The world just has to keep fucking him over. The teen grumbled quietly under his breath, ~~because who would want to hear him whine?~~ And closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

It's fine. Dream is lost, and doesn't know where he is. Wilbur isn't here, and he knows he didn't get off the server. Tommy's safe as long as he keeps moving, he'll find Tubbo, Ranboo and Michael and they'll go hide out until Dream gets caught again, and everything will be okay.

*Liar.*

However, Tommy got jostled out of his thoughts by a familiar laugh.

*What the fuck.*

His eyes snapped open, his blind eye opened wider then normal, as he gazed at-

At-

*How?*

"Come on buddy, don't eat that! It's not good for you, there's grass all around, why are you trying to eat the- hey! Listen to me-"

*How? How is this possible?*

Familiar greyish skin, wisps of smoke and a sunny yellow sweater, brown fluffy hair and blue blood seeping from an open wound. He has a jacket, that's- that's new, but, he's here, it's him? But-



Tommy jerked back and stepped on a twig, his heart leaping into his throat when he turned towards him.

Familiar white eyes with no pupils stared right into his own, before the figure tilted his head and smiled at him, there were small blue flowers in his hair, and his face is wrong, it's too young, he died much older-

"Oh hello! I've never seen you around here before, but you feel familiar! Did we meet before I died?"

That voice was unmistakable.

Tommy could only gulp as he stared at the figure in front of him, cold realization pumping through his veins the longer he gazed at the male.

In front of him was a dead, ghostly version of Wilbur. But it wasn't Ghostbur, no.

Because....

Because Ghostbur died when he was 24, ***not 17.***

## Chapter End Notes

Haha AU go BRR

Also this is our Ghost Boy :) [https://www.instagram.com/p/CP8zztlloau/?utm\\_medium=copy\\_link](https://www.instagram.com/p/CP8zztlloau/?utm_medium=copy_link)  
Seri drew this one!

## Chapter 2 | Not Quite Strangers

### Chapter Summary

"What's your name?"

The thought of Wilbur not knowing who he was felt wrong, especially after everything. But it's not the Ghost's fault, death and being undead is weird and has unpredictable side effects. And well, since this world's Tommy isn't here, maybe he can find him and until then, he can stick by his side?

With a smile less fake than before and a plan formed in his mind, the blonde felt his worries ease a little bit.

"The name's Tommy, big man."

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy stood frozen in shock, if his jaw could detach from his face, it'd be on the floor. How was how was a younger version of Wilbur here? A very *dead* younger version of his older brother? That's- It doesn't make any sense! Prime, he really wasn't home, was he? Is he hallucinating? Was this actually his brain trying to mimic both Wilbur and Ghostbur in a really fucked up way?

For fuck's sake, he can feel his ears beginning to ring again from the sheer amount of stress of the situation. And guess what, this weird version of Ghostbur/Wilbur actually seemed concerned, which means his distress must be really obvious, ~~pathetic, how easily he gets upset now, what happened to his bravery?~~ and that's new, because Ghostbur couldn't tell when he was upset, and Wilbur either didn't care or used it against him. So why was this version looking at Tommy like he actually cared about his well being?

Tommy didn't want to think about how it might be because he looked around the age where Wilbur was still the caring older brother who raised him in their father's absence.

"Are you okay?" The blonde teen was startled out of his thoughts by the echo-y voice of his 'brother', he almost bristled at the sweet tone that was directed at him, it didn't feel right, after so long of nobody but Puffy, Tubbo, Ranboo and Michael caring about him. But it didn't feel fake, not like *Dream's* fake reassurances and comfort, not like Philza when he promised he and Techno would be back soon, not like Wil in the ravine, too consumed by his insanity to notice he was the source of Tommy's distress and why he needed comfort in the first place.

This was Big brother *Wilby*, not Wilbur, president of L'manburg, not Wil, the twisted tyrant, and definitely not Ghostbur, despite their similarities, this definitely isn't Ghostbur.

*Tommy misses Ghostbur, even if he never knew why he was sad or how to help him, even if he neglected him because he didn't know he was hurting, because Ghostbur cared about him, it wasn't his fault his memories erased anything bad from existence, if anything, it's Tommy's for always causing problems in the first place.*

~~He thinks it's selfish that he misses the shadow of his brother, despite Wil coming back, alive and kicking. But Wilbur doesn't care about him anymore, so maybe it's okay.~~

"W-Wilby?" Tommy managed to choke out, mouth dry and eyes stinging with unshed tears. Tommy watched the ghost's eyebrows shoot up, expression becoming concerned, probably because Tommy looked so shaken up upon seeing him. Yeah that's definitely not Ghostbur, Ghostbur wouldn't be able to see that Tommy was on the brink of another mental breakdown, he'd just think he's feeling down, and offer him some blue dye, because that's all he could really do to help him.

The ghost's face remained concerned, and he floated a bit closer to the blonde teen "So you did know me" the brunette began, blank eyes glowing serenely as he looked at the young blonde "Wilby's a nice nickname! Did you call me that? If yes, please call me that instead of Wilbur! For some reason, my full name makes me feel..." the ghostly version of his older brother trailed off, eyes never straying away from Tommy's. It was as if the grey skinned teen was afraid the blue eyed boy would run away as soon as he looked away.

Tommy noted that the ghost had freckles spread across his cheeks and nose, like he did whenever he got tan enough, ~~his freckles disappeared in Postopia, when he spent all his time down in the ravine, away from the sun, hidden in the dark, it was nice to see them, Ghostbur didn't have them.~~

It's another thing that separates Wilbu- *Wilby?* Ghostby?? Away from both Ghostbur and Wil, and Tommy's guiltily glad for that.

Tommy snaps out of his thoughts when he sees a hand reaching out to touch his shoulder, and can't help but flinch back. The hand stills, and the two boys stare at each other again in silence. The blonde decides to break it, voice hoarse and soft after screaming bloody murderer earlier "...Sorry, Wil- uh, *W-Wilby*, I'm just kinda jumpy, hehe" Tommy stubbornly ignored the way he stumbled over his words, (he's a big man, he doesn't get soft just because of **Wilbur**) and tried his best to ignore the way Ghostby (Tommy decided that the nickname is probably going to stick, it's cute and endearing and fits the spirit well, ~~he kind of hopes Ghostby sticks around, too.~~)

Ghostby cocks his head to the side and Tommy has to hold back a sob at the sight, he really IS his big brother Wilby, he acts exactly the same, if a bit disoriented. "That's okay! How do we know each other? You feel so familiar, but if I feel such a strong attachment to you, why can't I remember you at all?" The brunette inquired curiously, head still tilted with a curious smile and the slightest furrow of his eyebrows, the expression is so familiar, not stained with war or insanity, or fake joy, it's genuine.

Tommy opens his mouth, before shutting it with a click when he registers what the Ghost said. *He doesn't remember him?* But that doesn't make sense, Wilbur basically raised him because Phil and Technoblade were always gone, and even though Tommy knew he wasn't in the SMP anymore (because all of this wouldn't be possible otherwise, he still kind of thinks he's hallucinating), shouldn't there be another Tommy here too?

Oh prime, there's another Tommy around here and Ghostby doesn't remember him. There's another Tommy out here whose brother died when another Tommy was 9 years old, and the ghost doesn't remember him! Sure, Tommy was brought into a war as a child soldier at the same age, but his brother was *alive!* And his primary caretaker!

What if...

What if this world's Tommy is *dead*? Because Phil wouldn't be home in time to be able to take care of the kid? Or because whoever killed Wil killed him as well? ~~Tommy refused to think about how the wound in the ghost's abdomen looks too similar to the wound Ghostbur had on his stomach as~~

well.

Oh Prime, this is so *fucked up*.

The blonde tried his best to school his features into a signature, bright going Tommyinnit smile, but it feels more like a grimace. "Sorry Wilbu- Err, *Wilby*, I don't really... know you." He quickly backtracked when he saw the brunette give him a suspicious look "B-But! I heard about you- that's how I know your name! Sorry, fucking- forgot to mention that!"

He can tell the ghost is wary of him, but the strong feelings of attachment he seems to have towards Tommy despite not remembering him seemingly caused him to let the questions go for now. "I see." The newly dubbed Ghostby hummed, looking thoughtful "what's your name then?"

The teen only now realized that since the ghost didn't remember him, he didn't even remember his name. That sent a sharp pang of pain through his heart, the thought of Wilbur not knowing who he was felt wrong, especially after everything. But it's not Ghostby's fault, death and being undead is weird and has unpredictable side effects. And well, since this world's Tommy isn't here, maybe he can find him and until then, Ghostby can stick by his side?

With a smile less fake than before and a plan formed in his mind, the blonde felt his worries ease a little bit.

"The name's Tommy, big man."

---

And that's how he, big man extraordinaire Tommyinnit, ended up with a ghostly companion of an aged down version of his brother and his little blue sheep, who's surprisingly enough not named 'Friend', but 'Buddy'. It's close enough to the original but still different, which solidifies Tommy's theory of this not being the same SMP.

And well, obviously he needs to figure out how to get back home, as nice as it is to have Ghostby by his side, ~~Tommy really missed when Wilbur acted like..well, Wilbur~~, He had Tubbo, and Ranboo, and Michael to protect. He had to make sure Dream stayed in prison so his family would be safe. And he couldn't do that here. But well, if he looked for this world's Tommy along with looking for a way home, it meant he wasn't prioritizing one task over the other.

It's a win-win in his book!

Right now, he's gathering some resources with Ghostby (The ghost insisted on helping), who seemed to be stuck to his side like glue ever since he showed up, despite his suspicious behaviour. It kind of reminded Tommy of how he was during exile, he knew Dream was being a dick, yet he still followed him around like a lost puppy, begging for any scraps of affection, or at the very least attention.

He hates how that means the Ghost must've been *lonely* before he showed up. Did he have no one but the sheep?

"Hey, uh, Wilby?" The brunette perked up when he heard his name being called, turning away from the wood he was gathering to look at the blonde with big eyes "Were you..." fuck, this is hard to say without sounding like a dick, and normally Tommy doesn't care about being an asshole "Were you with anyone before I uh, found you?" Tommy's heart dropped a little when the ghost's curious smile dropped, hands clutching the blocks of wood close to his chest.

"No." The ghost said shortly "Not really, people who see me usually ignore me, I've only got Buddy" he sounded so sad, it made Tommy want to hug him and say everything was gonna be

okay, but Tommy- "But now I've got you, *Toms!* Can I call you that? So don't worry, alright?" And suddenly he didn't feel sad, but slightly mortified by how that nickname made him want to cry, because usually now that it's said it's to mock him, not to reassure him.

Tommy smiled quickly, nodding in agreement to answer the Ghost's question, before picking up the stone he mined while replying "Yeah, you've got me, Wilby. Don't worry" the ghost cheered and laughed when Buddy let out a small 'baa' from where he was tied to a tree.

"Alright fellas!" The blonde called when he finished gathering enough stone "We're going to make a house. And it's gonna be fucking *poggers*. Everyone who finds it is gonna be jealous as hell, but first we need to move further away from here to uh..." ~~get away from Dream~~ "find a nice spot!"

He ignored the way Wil- *Ghostby*, raised an eyebrow, before nodding and floating over to untie Buddy, the little sheep was barely big enough to read past his knees, so it's still just a lamb, another difference from Friend and Ghostbur. Tommy quickly shook his head, sorting through his inventory as his thoughts raced through plans. He needs to get away from here, avoid as many people as possible, set up camp, find his other self ~~or his grave~~, and try to find out how he got here and how to get back. But most importantly, he needs to get to safety, so that this world's Dream doesn't catch him.

What Tommy doesn't know is that said man has already found him, he's just keeping his distance.

For now.

## Chapter End Notes

R!Dream do be stalking tho

Also Thank you all for the support, holy shit! I didn't expect this much love- you guys are awesome :")

## Chapter 3 | A Sheep In Wolf's Clothing

### Chapter Summary

The ghost leaned in close. "Are you seriously gonna let him hang around?" The brunette said, sounding vaguely upset, Tommy could relate to that feeling. The blue eyed boy scoffed "Of course not, we're ditching him as soon as we can-"

At least, that's what the plan is, then again, when was the last time Tommy's plans went accordingly?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Okay, so the blonde doesn't know what the fuck happened to having a 'nice, peaceful building day', Tommy couldn't help thinking as he looked down at the green clad figure pinned underneath the bottom of his shoe, foot harshly digging into ~~other~~ **Dream's** back, Ghostby anxiously floating at his side, looking torn between freaking out or laughing at the sandy blonde Tommy just decked in the face and fattened to the floor. The blue eyed teen resisted the painful sigh that tried to escape his throat as he stared down at the other Dream (*he should really think of a better name than that for him, would 'Bitch' work as a temporary nickname?*) It took a lot of restraint ~~and sheer stubbornness~~ for him to not just knock the fucker out and run away. It also helped that the bitch underneath him seemed kind of panicked, ~~the Dream he knew would've been calm, or already flipped him over.~~

But Ghostby is here, surely he'd want to know why he wanted to get away from the Teletubby so urgently, and well, this bitch isn't the Dream, so Tommy didn't really want to lie to ~~his brother~~ the ghost about something that didn't happen here. He didn't really believe this world's Dream was any different from that megalomaniac Tommy's used to, but he'll try to give him the benefit of the doubt. Or at least let him explain himself before he kicks him in the head.

There was a moment of silence, the only thing that could be heard was the slightest rustle of leaves and distant chirps of birds from the small wooded area behind them. Tommy didn't want to admit that he was stalling, but he's ~~terrified~~, nervous, then again, who wouldn't be in this fucked up situation? Taking a deep breath, Tommy glared down at the green bitch underneath his foot and finally mustered up the will to speak.

"So." not-Dream stopped squirming and blabbering when the blonde spoke up, looking up at him through that stupid fucking mask, attention solely focused on him, ~~Tommy would be lying if he said it didn't scare him,~~ it really made the blue eyed teen want to punch him again "Any reason you're following us around like a fucking creep, green bitch?"

Not-Dream stuttered for a moment, seemingly taken aback at his attitude, and honestly, if Tommy wasn't high on adrenaline right now he'd laugh at how shocked the usually well-composed ~~villain~~ bastard sounded. "I- uh- Well-" the sandy haired man let out a weird squawk noise when Tommy dug his heel more into his spine "Ouch!- Hey! Careful on the spine- Arg!!- I followed you cause you kind of freaked out on me and then just ran away! You're like what, 15? And running around alone, plus you look like someone tried to put you into a shredder- Ow!" Okay, so maybe Tommy enjoyed messing with Imposter Dream too much, then again he literally just called him ugly ~~even~~

~~though he is now~~, and a *child*, so he definitely deserved it.

"I'm 17, dickhead!" Tommy scowled, anger and unease mixing together inside him, causing the green clad man to snort, honestly, the audacity of this bitch "Also, you don't need to fucking follow me like some sort of weird dog, *We-*" The blonde gestured to the Ghost who was quietly listening to their banter with an amused smile on his face while petting his blue Lamb "-are doing just fine, alone, so how about you fuck off and leave us alone, ...*please.*" It's quite humiliating to have to beg, especially to Dream, but he knew that if this green bitch was anything like the other one (*he is, he has to be, why wouldn't he be a monster as well?*), this could save him a little time before he starts trying to hunt them down when they run.

Not-Dream faltered for a moment, obviously put out by how desperate the blue eyed boy must've sounded at the end of his monologue, but shook his head, making his hair bounce. "I can't do that, you're kids-" "I'm 17-/17 isn't kid age!-" Both Tommy and Ghostby cut Dream off, making them look at each other in surprise, the ghost looked like he was about to laugh and Tommy couldn't blame him, but right now he was too stressed to even crack jokes to lighten the situation, then again with Dream around it might not be possible to do that.

Green Bitch (Tommy would later realize he was feeling kind of petty at that moment and that's why he refused to come up with an actual nickname while pinning the Teletubby to the ground) let out a signature kettle like wheeze, and Tommy felt like throwing up when he heard it "That's- You're kids until you're 18-" Ghostby interrupted him again, and Tommy relaxed a tiny bit, listening to Wil was ten times better than listening to Dream "Does it count if I'm dead? I'm pretty sure I've been dead for a while" both Tommy and Dream stare at him blankly "...I guess not, oh well-" and so he went back to petting Buddy.

The blonde is almost jealous, but he's more glad that Ghostby isn't as stressed as he is right now. "...Anyways, we can definitely take care of ourselves without your help, so if I let you up now and don't stab you, *you're going to stop following us.*" Tommy snarled, itching to pull Nightmare out of his ender chest just as a big fuck you to Dream, then again, if This Dream has his own Nightmare, that's gonna be really hard to explain, so he retained from doing that.

There was another moment of silence, the longer it lasted, the more panicked Tommy felt, ~~when Dream's quiet, he's angry, oh prime...~~, and he only got more scared when Dream Actually spoke.

"No." It was simple, it was short and it didn't make any fucking sense. "I- why the fuck not?! You don't even know us!" The blonde said, both pissed off and baffled at the same time, because Dream couldn't possibly have any use for a random hobo looking kid and a fucking ghost with a blue sheep. "Like I said, you two aren't adults, I'm sure you're capable but I just- don't feel good about leaving you two alone-"

"You can, you're just being a creep-"

"I'm not!-"

"Yes you are, bitch boy!-"

"I'm just worried about you, kid!"

"How about you worry about yourself, dickhea- HEY, I SAID I'M NOT A KID!-"

"It's dangerous for you to be here alone-"

As the two bantered, Tommy still didn't get off of the older man's back, he couldn't trust him not to



lash out on him, especially while he was aggravating him like this.

"I- okay, listen-" Imposter Dream sighed, head slumping back, his masked face staring straight at him, making a chill run down the blonde's back "I promise I won't hurt you, so can you please get off me? I won't even come near you." Tommy narrowed his eyes, because of course Dream would pull shit like this, empty promises with too many loopholes in them-"Please?"

~~"Please Dream, ju-ust let me keep this stuff, I worked really hard on it, please Dream-"~~

~~"Then do it again, you have plenty of time to do that here."~~

Tommy quickly shook his head, eyes a bit unfocused as he tried to block out the memory, but it was too late. He cursed himself for so easily falling for this man's pathetic act. "Fucking- fine, but if you come within 5 feet of us, I WILL start stabbing shit." The blonde threatened, slowly stepping off the imposter and backing away, standing slightly in front of a silent Ghostby, *protectively*, he won't let Dream hurt him ~~again~~.

The green clad man let out a sigh of relief as he stumbled to his feet, hand rubbing his back where Tommy's shoe left a smear on his hoodie, before turning to face the duo watching him intently "So..." he began, awkwardly looking between the two of them.

"I don't know about Tommy here-" Ghostby began, and Tommy let out an angry noise when he revealed his name, however the ghost only grinned at him mischievously "But I kind of don't really want you around, sooo..." the ghost shrugged, and Tommy had to stop himself from laughing when he saw Not-Dream visibly deflate, before he got struck with an idea.

This world's Dream didn't look nearly as stacked as his Dream was before he got locked up in Pandora's Vault, so maybe if he kept him around and he tried to step out of line he could just...take care of him, he knows how to fight and he's not afraid to play dirty, especially with this green bitch. So really, as long as Ghostby is around he thinks he can avoid more mental trauma.

"Well..." Tommy began, holding back a cringe at how fast bitch boy bastard turned his attention on him "I suppose...you can hang around, just- fucking, don't steal our shit, or I WILL shank you for real." Threatening the man didn't seem to put him off, since he perked up as soon as Tommy said he wouldn't stab him if he decided to hang around. Resolutely ignoring the way Ghostby started protesting in the background (*Something about him being a weird guy in the woods who might kill him or something, which he already knows is old news, his Dream already beat this one to it...haha*)

"Of course, or course!" Not-Dream chirped as Tommy started walking away, followed by a still protesting Ghostby and the small blue Lamb who already seemed to like him a lot despite only knowing him for a few days, just like it's owner, sounding way too fucking happy about the situation "Don't worry, I won't steal anything, I'll help you even!" The green bitch said as he trotted after them.

"What the *fuck*- no, we don't need your fucking pity help-"

"It's not pity! I wanna help you, oh, my name's Dream by the way!"

"Fucking- We don't need help- I can mine stone by myself-"

"But I wanna help-"

"Fuck OFF-"

Clearly this was gonna be fucking torture for Tommy, he thought as he speed walked away, both Ghostby and Buddy trailing fast behind him.

The ghost leaned in close. "Are you seriously gonna let him hang around?" The brunette said, sounding vaguely upset, Tommy could relate to that feeling. The blue eyed boy scoffed "Of course not, we're ditching him as soon as we can-"

At least, that's what the plan is, then again, when was the last time Tommy's plans went accordingly?

## Chapter End Notes

The reason Ghostby is against DD going with them is because he doesn't wanna share Tommy's attention with anyone, cause he was lonely and had no one for a long time and feels a cOnNecTiOn to our protagonist ;) more on that later.

## Chapter 4 | A Mirror Image

### Chapter Summary

The group settles down and makes a base, but of course things can't stay nice for too long, Tommy's not that lucky.

But for now, all he wants to do is rest.

TW: Dissociation

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's barely been a few days and Tommy already feels like the fragile hold he has on his weak mental health is slipping. Having around a Dream that doesn't act like **him** (*He really should think of a nickname for him, It's getting annoying to call him Dream when he's...shockingly nothing like him*) was confusing for his brain, and he feels increasingly more and more stressed about it. The blonde's pretty sure Ghostby has noticed, and he feels pretty shitty for worrying the friendly ghost.

So Tommy does his best to avoid the sandy haired man and basically clings to the ghost, as embarrassing as it is. If they ever asked him about it, he can just insist that Ghostby is the clingy one, which isn't really a lie, the brunette follows him around like a lost puppy, he's pretty sure if Ghostby knew he could touch him, he'd do it all the time. Tommy found out that after he was resurrected, he could touch Ghostbur, sadly, at the time he was too scared to do so, and now he can never hug him again, ~~he desperately wants to hug the kind ghost, but he knows he doesn't deserve it, and it's impossible now that he's gone, Dream always takes away everything that makes him happy.~~ Tommy is still afraid of the thought of touching, so he doesn't reveal the fact that he *can* touch the dead teen.

Currently, he's sitting by a lit fire in a cave with his two companions. Since the masked man joined them, he hounded them to make a hideout and to stay away from the woods, for some reason. Tommy doesn't know why, because the bitch won't tell them, and he doesn't want to risk angering the man with his ~~annoying~~ questions. After all, one of his **Dream's** rules was "*Don't ask questions*", and so he didn't push more when the young man said 'not to worry about it'. Tommy could find out on his own, he's not stupid and he's definitely sneaky enough to figure out whatever the green bastard is hiding.

~~After all, Tommy probably knows Dream better than both George and Sapnap now.~~

The first two days they were wandering around the two teens were always shooed away from spaces that are too open. They never seemed to move too much during the afternoon, and when the group did, the older man insisted he should go ahead to '*make sure the area is safe to go through*'. Tommy found it a bit offensive. He can handle himself and would protect Ghostby with everything he has, ~~even if he's not enough~~, but he doesn't argue with it. He knows better than that, plus this means he and the brunette are safer, both from the older man and from other people, *at least for a little bit.*

Just yesterday, they stumbled upon a ravine, and Dream seemed to think it was a great idea to set

up a base there. Tommy disagreed. He doesn't like ravines. Not after *Pogtopia*. *Not after what happened with Wilbur*.

The blonde stood his ground, refusing to come into the large crater, and since Ghostby didn't seem to like this Dream very much for some reason, the ghost didn't budge either, stubbornly floating near Tommy's shoulder like a guard dog and glaring at the tanned admin, if Tommy didn't find the other teen's face funny, ~~Wilbur used to make that face when Tommy played a particularly funny prank as a kid~~. He'd say he looks absolutely terrifying, and well, Dream obviously agrees from the wary movements he makes in the next few moments of trying to persuade them to set up camp in the ravine.

In the end, the young duo won and the group made a compromise: they'd find a cave, probably expand it and set up a base there. Tommy knows his companions must be a bit confused about why he's okay with going into a cave but not a ravine, but they don't need to know. ~~They shouldn't know anyways, how would poor Ghostby react to his supposedly deranged alternative self?~~ Anyways, as long as the cave isn't too small, he doesn't mind being inside one. And that's how they ended up here.

The cave is relatively large (*Something the blonde is very relieved about*), already being a little expanded from mining the ores that littered the walls, there's a few furnaces smelting the iron Tommy mined earlier in the corner, as well as a chest filled with all the materials the group gathered. There's a suspiciously large amount of blue flowers, Tommy guesses those are from Ghostby, he's seen him go from flower to flower, 90% of the time only picking the blue ones, the powder blue ~~once the colour of sapphires, now faded and tired~~ eyed teen promises himself to plant a few of the flowers near their farm later, if only to make the ghost ~~of his brother, his friend~~ smile more than he already does.

Speaking of farms, *Daydream*, (*Tommy decided to call him that on the spot, but he definitely has a reason. Why would he call this version of his enemy 'Dream' when he seems to be the version he would have needed while he was in exile? It must mean he's either an imposter, a kidnapper, or he's simply playing them because that's what Dream always does. The blonde really hopes this isn't the case, because then he'd have to re-evaluate his observation skills, which have gotten pretty good over the past year of literal hell.*) started to build one after he started digging down further into the cave, so they should have some crops soon, luckily, there would be no potatoes on their little vegetable patch, because apparently the older man ran out of them a while ago (*Thank prime for that*).

Needless to say, Tommy's exhausted from the endless resource runs, setting up new spots to live in is always a pain in the ass if you ask him, and the cavern isn't even done. They still need more wood to actually start building the inner structure, because Daydream said *'We won't move unless we're in danger, so why not make it look homely while we're at it?'* Something told him the older man didn't think it was a good idea, and Tommy silently agreed, if they're in danger and get found, they'll have to abandon this base, and everything they built, so why would they bother making the cave into a house?

~~Tommy ignores the way that the thought of living in a house, a **home**, brings him the comfort and stability he could never have during exile or the wars. It's impossible for this to be the reason why anyways, how would Daydream figure it out?~~

The blonde teen sighed, pointedly ignoring Daydream who's sitting a bit farther away. The older of the three has given up on trying to start a conversation for the night, because Tommy just got unresponsive to him when he became too tired, and Ghostby wouldn't talk to him if Tommy wouldn't, so they agreed to head to bed.

Speaking of the ghost, the brunette was still hovering next to him, making Tommy feel just a tad bit more assured that he'll be safe, Daydream didn't seem to be going to sleep anytime soon, and well, Tommy's really tired...

Glancing at the older male, the teen grumbled to himself a little, before deciding to try and get some shut eye. As he shuffled around to make himself comfortable, he felt Ghostby hover just outside of his personal space, but didn't say anything about. He thinks the ghost feels safer this way, too. Tommy drifts off to sleep relatively peacefully for once.

---

When he wakes up again, groggy and sore from sleeping on stone with just a layer of clothes under him, Tommy immediately notices how he's colder than usual, and that the fire has gone out. Now, that wouldn't be so unusual if he didn't know that the fire was always lit. Even in the morning, one of them always wakes up to relight it because the cave is cold as balls. The only one who isn't bothered by that is Ghostby, who's able to sleep just fine now, even with the chilly temperature, he actually looks quite content curled up on the hard rock floor with Buddy the blue lamb next to him.

Groaning, he sits up, looking around the cave with squinted eyes. He already has vision problems since one of his eyes can barely open more than a squint, so looking around in the dark wouldn't do any good. The blonde shuffled, and felt a small bit of nervousness rise up in his chest when he noticed Daydream sitting close to the firepit, therefore closer to *him*. The thing is completely out, no embers or anything, so Daydream must've used a water bucket to put it out.

Swallowing up his nervousness, Tommy opened his mouth to speak.

"Yo, Big D, why the fuck is the fire out? You know how cold it gets here." Now, since the brunette ghost was sleeping just a few inches away from where the blonde is sitting, he spoke quieter than usual, so he doesn't know what the fuck triggered Daydream to shush him. "Tommy, *please* be quiet-" the sandy haired man began, speaking as if there was a baby in the room that he didn't want to disturb.

Tommy bristled a little bit, he's always hated being told to be quiet, and well, Daydream looks even more like ***Dream*** in the dark, which made him feel just a tad bit more unsafe.

"Fuck's sake, I'm *being* quiet, don't bitch about it- what's going on, why's the fire out?" He asked, a bit more worriedly now, surely he wouldn't put it out for no reason, right? Not with the risk of them catching a cold.

*What happened next can be described as a disaster.*

Daydream stood up and went closer to him, and well, the movement was so sudden, Tommy couldn't help but raise his voice at the man. "What the- You scared me bitch, don't move so fast!" This seemed to spur the man on however, as he went up Tommy, causing the blonde to stumble up and back away, progressively getting louder and louder and more panicky.

"H-Hey, don't- don't come any closer!- he stuttered, too blind in his panic to see the nervousness in the other man's movements, and to hear exactly *why* the green clad man in front of him wanted him to be quiet. There was a quiet, familiar beat of wings outside, and Daydream seems like he definitely *doesn't* want whoever owns that pair of wings to find them. "Tommy, Tommy *be quiet*-" Daydream said, reaching out and grabbing the teen by the shoulders.

That was a mistake.

As soon as that happened, Tommy felt the phantom pain of a kick in the side and a punch to the

head. He screamed in panic, trying to claw away from the man holding him, not registering the panicked pleas of the man in front of him to quiet down, or the confused groan of a waking ghost in the background, or the beat of wings outside their cave. All he could register was a hand suddenly against his mouth, muffling his screams *an-and oh god Dream's going to kill him again.*

Tommy begins to flail around wildly, trying to claw away from the green monster in front of him, mind clouded with panic and desperation, he doesn't want to go back to the limbo *please please he'll be good Dream please.*

It feels like hours before the hand finally pulls away and Tommy sobs loudly. Shoving against the tall man who was probably just seconds away from suffocating him, said teen quickly rushed to run out of the entrance of the cave, only to trip halfway there. The pain that exploded in his head only made him cry harder, too similar to the feeling of obsidian against his skull to register as anything else.

Vaguely he registers an argument starting up in the background, someone who sounds like **Dream** and **Wilbur** .

Oh god, *Wilbur.*

Tommy choked on his sobs as he covered his head with his arms. Legs tucked in close to his chest , trying his best to block out the hushed angry voices from a little ways away, if he made himself smaller, maybe they'd forget about him.

He curled up more when Wilbur raised his voice, knowing what would happen if he got angry enough to resort to shouting, before jolting when he felt something soft brush against his arm.

Peeking up, he met eyes with the blue ~~lamb~~ sheep Wilbu- *Ghostbur Wilby* kept around, for a moment, Tommy stared, before smiling wobbly. "*F-Friend... Hey...*" He sniffled, leaning forward to hug the blue sheep, letting himself sink into the soft wool " 'm glad you're here..." The blonde mumbled, eyes closing as he tuned out the angry whispers.

He didn't register when they finally went quiet, but he relaxed when he looked up and saw only *Ghostbur Ghostby, it's Ghostby, snap out of it Tommy* around, who smiled at him ~~concern shining in his now visible pupils, he must be really worried about you, look at what you did.~~

Tommy reaches out and grasps onto the ghost's arm, not seeing how the others' eyes comically widen at the gesture, and pulls him into the cuddle pile. Looking around, the teen sees that *Dream's* gone, must've gone back to the portal, so he's safe now. He's safe, Tommy thought as he sunk back into the soft fur of the sheep. He has *Friend* and *Ghostbur* and he's safe. Dream's gone and he's safe.

*Too tired to listen to the quiet voice in the back of his head, Tommy closed his eyes and relaxed, not ready to fall back asleep but more than happy to rest his eyes for a moment.*

~~You can't run away from this, you know you'll have to work it out with Daydream later.~~

*He's safe.*

Guess what guys, I just finished college and turned 18 a few days ago. I've got a degree and I'm going to uni next September!

Anyways I hope you enjoy this chapter :DD at the end Tommy was dissociating if you're confused!



## Chapter 5 | Chlorophobia

### Chapter Summary

*Chlorophobia - An unusual aversion to the colour green.*

"Tommy, I-" Ghostby cleared his throat "You had a small...episode yesterday when Dream grabbed you."

*Oh.*

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A few hours have passed since the incident in the early hours of the morning, and everything seems to have calmed down.

Tommy woke up to birds chirping and the rustle of leaves coming from the cave entrance. He felt deceptively warm and soft, when he in fact knew he fell asleep on the stone cold floor, so unless he managed to steal a blanket from somewhere, he might be hallucinating about the nice feeling enveloping his entire body. When the blonde slowly opened his eyes, a large yawn left his mouth as he blearily looked around. Everything looked the same as yesterday, the same stone walls, the same couple of chests filled with materials for their expanding home, and the three furnaces pushed up against the wall were also still there.

Looking down, the teen almost jumped out of his skin when he noticed the familiar arms of his ghostly companion tightly wrapped around his torso, along with a fuzzy blue lamb cuddled into his lap like a giant teddy bear.

So... *that's* where the soft feeling came from. Honestly, Tommy would've started freaking out if this was anyone else touching him, but Ghostby was...well, he's Wilbur, Tommy has always been more soft for him. The only one who's higher on the "acceptance" list is Tubbo, and maybe Ranboo. Even with how comfortable the blonde feels around the ghost, he still feels a bit constricted, but the feeling of hugging someone and not feeling like you're splitting apart is... *nice*.

~~*But he doesn't deserve nice things.*~~

Maybe he can indulge in the hugs, Ghostby looks like he really needs them too, so maybe....

~~*Selfish.*~~

Shaking away any intrusive thoughts is hard, especially this early in the morning, but Tommy somehow manages. He taps Ghostby on the arm, and when the ghost only snuggles his head deeper into the crook of his neck, ~~*Wilbur used to do that when they fell asleep on a pile during family nights.*~~ Tommy swears he feels his heart grow warmer at the affection, he proceeds to start poking him in the sides. And just like that, the ghost startles awake, ~~*Wilbur's always been ticklish,*~~ eyes wide and startled laughter spilling out of his lips.

"T-Tomm- hAH-" the ghost wheezed when Tommy poked him right under the ribs, jerking away and letting go of the blonde teen, making the blue eyed blonde hum victoriously as he scooped up

Buddy and moved away from the warm spot on the floor, getting up and giving the ghost that's now sprawled out on the floor a fond look. "Get up, Wilbitch, it's morning already" The blonde quipped, nudging the brunette with his foot (*no use hiding it now that Ghostby knows they can touch*), rolling his eyes when the only reply he got was a sleepy groan.

"But Tommyyyy-" the blue skinned ghost rolled over onto his stomach, one white eye peeking up from beneath his hair to stare at said blonde "It's so comfortable-" Ghostby whined, which only made Tommy scoff.

"It's the fucking floor Wil, (*Call me Wilby!*)" how comfortable can it be?" The blonde said teasingly, and smirked victoriously when the older teen got up with a grumble.

"Couldn't we have slept a *little* longer?" The ghost whined again as Tommy scratched Buddy behind the ear, said lamb letting out a small, content "baah", the blonde had to hold back the urge to coo at the adorable little thing, while Ghostby was pouting at him like a child when the blue eyed teen didn't pay any attention to him, however, the expression of annoyance soon turned into worry as he looked at Tommy.

"Toms..." the blonde hummed in acknowledgement, eyes moving to look at the ghost, who he noted looked concerned "Are...you okay? After last night, I mean." Tommy narrowed his good eye, eyebrows furrowing in confusion. He doesn't remember anything happening last night, much less anything bad, but...he does know he sometimes tends to blank out things he doesn't like.

"What do you mean, big man?" He asked cautiously, knowing the answer likely wasn't going to make him happy if his brain forcibly shut it down. This, however, only seemed to worry the ghost even more, only making Tommy feel bad about worrying the poor ghost "You can tell me, I can take it" he said softly, not wanting to stress the other out more than he already was, and almost winced at the obviously worried tone the male used in his next sentence. "Tommy, I-" Ghostby cleared his throat "You had a small...episode yesterday when Dream grabbed you."

Tommy seized up at the mention of *Dream stop calling him that they're different*, and his breath caught in his throat as he recalled what happened a few hours ago. Cold, put out fire, a panicked Daydream, silence, hands on his mouth, yelling, passing out-

*Oh.*

The blonde gulped, carefully letting the sheep in his arms down after petting him one last time when he saw Ghostby approaching him out of the corner of his eye, he managed to sneakily dodge the outstretched hand that was about to land on his shoulder, too used to not letting anyone touch him, only to feel bad when he saw the dejected expression on the ghost's face. Steeling his nerves, Tommy straightened up and clapped the brunette on the back, amused by the way the ghost almost fell over from the unexpected slap.

"I'm okay, I'm a big, strong man!" Tommy said, a false bravado in his tone "I'll go talk to the green fucker about what the fuck that was, alright? So don't worry about it." He quickly spat out, hugged the ghost quickly just as he opened his mouth, before basically sprinting out of the cave, leaving behind a brunette feeling a weird mix of concern and happiness for his friend.

Just as Tommy predicted, Daydream was sitting by the cave entrance, hands resting on his knees as he stared ahead with his creepy mask plastered on his face and his signature green hoodie on, he usually did this during the early mornings and late evenings, just watching the sky, as if something was going to come down and kill them any minute, *something like bombs or withers, perhaps*. The small pit of nervousness in Tommy's stomach slowly turned into a black hole of anxiety the longer he gazed at the older man, fear slowly seeping into his veins as the reminders of what happened last night popped up in his head.

But he had to remind himself that **Daydream** is not **Dream**, Daydream seemed freaked out about something as he shushed him, and well, he didn't hurt him, he probably, *hopefully*, wasn't trying to get Tommy to have a panic attack. But Tommy should at the very least know why the Teletubby manhandled him into silence. Taking a deep breath, the blonde teen stepped out of the cave, making obvious noise so that he wouldn't startle the sandy haired man.

Daydream, as expected, looked over, and seemed to do a double take when he saw who was standing next to him. The older man quickly scrambled to his feet, making Tommy have to hold back a flinch at the sudden movement, adrenaline already spiking. There was a moment of silence between the two, before Daydream awkwardly coughed.

"Hey..." The older of the two began, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly, the obvious awkwardness in the others stance made Tommy feel just a bit calmer, *Because Dream was never awkward*.

"Ayup." The blonde replied, eyes averted to look anywhere but at the green clad man, it didn't do jack shit to calm him down but it would help him not freak out more. The two stood there quietly, before-

"So-"

"I'm-"

The duo paused, before Daydream snorted, Tommy would've too if he wasn't feeling like shit. The tall teen shuffled in place, before signing "Y-You go first, big man, sorry for interrupting-" the blonde almost cringed at the forced politeness coming from his mouth, but he couldn't risk angering the other, especially after last night's incident, he hasn't used this tone in a long time, with **Dream** being locked away in prison and all....

Tommy snapped out of his thoughts when Daydream started talking again. "Well, if you're sure... I'm- I wanted to say sorry about last night." *what?* "I-I was panicking, but it wasn't right of me to grab you like that, especially with your aversion to touch. I'm..really sorry, I hope I can make up for it." Despite being masked, the tall sandy haired blonde looked like a kicked puppy, who's toy got stolen right before you kicked it. Tommy stuttered when the older continued rambling "And well, if you want me to stay away, I will. I understand, just please don't send me away, I'd feel terrible leaving you all alone." Daydream admitted, crossing his arms and looking at the floor, almost as if in shame.

At a loss for words, all Tommy could do was stand there in stunned silence for the next minute. Usually, if ever, he had to be the one to admit he was in the wrong after an argument, ~~*because everything is always his fault*~~, so seeing someone apologize and admit they shouldn't have done something? Without being promoted to? Especially someone who's basically **Dream**? It's...it doesn't sound real.

But Tommy has to remind himself that this isn't **Dream**, again and again, until it finally sticks in his stupid brain. ~~*The blonde knows he won't feel comfortable around the other for a long time, maybe even never*~~, and so, he opens his mouth to speak. "Dream." Said man cut off his rambling when Tommy spoke up, head tilted in his general direction "I'm- Okay, what you did? was- *not okay*. It was fucked up for me. And I know you know that." The teen didn't think it was possible for the older male to look even more guilty "and- fuck, I also know you didn't mean to make me freak out. Just- next time there's a threat, maybe don't fucking grab me like that."

The teen knows he's being harsh, Daydream was trying to hide them so they'd be safe, but he just- he *can't* handle being in a situation like that again, especially with *him*. Tommy took a deep breath "I'll- It's fine for now, but if you do that again, I'll punch you-" the blonde bristled at the laugh that

escaped the man "Don't you fucking laugh, I'm being serious!"

The atmosphere has noticeably lightened, and well, Tommy was glad about that, but...

"Hey, Green Bitch, why did you ev-" it seems as though Daydream knew what he was going to ask, because he cut him off "Hey, Ghost Boy's out already! HEY, WIL!" the blonde stared at the older man in disbelief as he waved the ghost over, obviously avoiding his question about why he even freaked out last night "We're gathering more wood today, right? For the walls and floors!" He seemed awfully chipper, while Ghostby just gave him an unimpressed look before floating over to Tommy and basically gluing himself to the blonde's side, Buddy the lamb following behind dutifully despite having no lead.

The blonde teen didn't fight the borderline chokehold hug the ghost had on him, because well, *it's Ghostby*, he feels comfortable with him for a good reason. Plus the ghost is obviously touch starved, so he's not going to be an asshole and shove him off when the contact itself doesn't feel hurt for once. Daydream huffed at the way the brunette seemed to brush him off, before nodding towards the mountains not too far ahead "There's a tundra over there where we can gather some wood, that sounds okay?" All Tommy did was nod, relaxing at the feeling of his ghostly ~~brother~~ friend on his shoulders. He'll just have to confront Daydream about it when they're alone, when he can't run away from him.

And with that, the group headed off in the direction of the tundra, and Tommy had to hold back a snort when Ghostby quietly grumbled about the oldest in the group third wheeling with them.

---

It's been a few hours since they arrived in the tundra, and Tommy's hands were only now starting to feel cold from the air. He's used to cold temperatures, and his coat is warm with the addition of fluff that he helped Tubbo sew on (*Tubbo insisted he help with it, it took them multiple attempts to get the patches to look right, with Tubbo always snatching it out of his hands before he could properly show the brunette how to sew the patches on, to be fair the only part the goat hybrid really put on the jacket himself was the Snowchester patch on the front of it, Tommy didn't find it in himself to take it off despite insisting he remains factionless*), so he doesn't really care if he gets a little chilly. He already has 5 stacks of wood, and from what he can see Ghostby also has an impressive amount of it.

Daydream wandered off a little ways away, obviously feeling safer over here since he left them alone to gather resources, and honestly, Tommy felt a bit safer with the older male away from both Wilby and him.

The thought of safety got brushed off immediately when a yell and the banging of weapons from the direction Daydream went in. *Prime fucking **damn** it.*

Tommy looked over at Ghostby, the brunette already looking back at him, he looked both concerned and bothered, but when he saw the panic on the blonde's face he seemed to agree they should go look at what happened. Without missing a beat, the duo (*along with Buddy*) dashed off in the direction of the scuffle. When they arrived, they were baffled at the sight in front of them.

Daydream's fighting with a tall guy, one that reminds Tommy of Technoblade with his shoulder length pink hair. He's tall, almost Tommy's height, has wide shoulders and a muscular build, but he's still a bit lanky, which indicates he's probably a teen. He's wearing a long brown jacket with a fur trimmed hood, a purple and green scarf, black pants and long winter boots. When he turns around to strike Daydream with his enchanted diamond sword, Tommy notices his pointed ear and partly exposed skull, the features he recognised as a Zombie Piglin hybrid, before the pink haired teen shouted something in Enderian, which Tommy barely grasped thanks to Ranboo who was

teaching him back home, however he's too panicked to even make out what the offender said, as he continued to attack his...companion? He doesn't really know what to call Daydream.

Tommy winced, before rushing forward, summoning the axe of peace (*not the real one, of course, but Tommy was spiteful enough to recreate the one Technoblade has after Ranboo returned it to his violent brother*), but was stopped by a figure stepping in front of him.

The teen stopped short, barely registering the scuffle that continued right behind the person that was in his way. His mouth opened, the enchanted netherite weapon in his arms lowering as he looked at the tall man in front of him. The figure was tall, around 8 to 9 feet in height, wearing a coat similar to the zombie Piglin teenager, with coarse fur on the hood, a harness tied around his chest and a long blue scarf tied around his neck, however, that wasn't what shocked the blonde into silence.

It was the sight of the familiar red and green eyes staring right at him, distrusting and cautious, much older looking, but just as weary. The familiar tail swishing behind him agitatedly, while clutching a netherite axe and a large shield in the other hand.

Tommy couldn't help but shudder as he breathed out a word that seemed to make everyone pause.

*"Ranboo?"*

## Chapter End Notes

Haha cliffhanger ;) Ranboo has joined the party, I woNdEr WHo Is ThAt GuY wiTH hIm.

## Chapter 6 | His Home

### Chapter Summary

Our group finally has some other company, are they friendly? Let's find out!

What's this about Tubbo, by the way?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The figure, *Ranboo*, froze as soon as Tommy opened his mouth and breathed out his name in disbelief. He looked down at the blonde, face twisted into something painfully harsh, a look Tommy wasn't used to seeing on the usually passive enderman hybrid's face. He doesn't..recall Ranboo ever looking at him like that before, actually. He didn't like it, it felt *wrong*. For all his talk of "hating" Ranboo, Tommy would be devastated if he ever managed to chase the tall man away from him. The Enderman was one of the few people who still stuck around him, despite how *annoying* and *dangerous* he was to be around.

Even if this Ranboo wasn't the same one as from back home, the same one who gave him alliums and made stupid puns to lighten the atmosphere, it still hurt to see that look directed at him. The double toned male didn't look away from him, a stony look still plastered on his face as he called out to the zombie Piglin teen behind him in Enderian that Tommy was barely able to understand "Michael, stop."

The blonde felt as if his heart leapt into his throat, *Michael*? Surely Ranboo couldn't mean-

Tommy's eyes snapped back towards the pink haired boy, who was until now wrestling with Daydream on the floor, and it clicked in his brain. A zombie piglin hybrid hanging around Ranboo? Who else would it be? But Michael was a *toddler* back home, a toddler who sat in his lap and played with his hair, a baby who couldn't speak proper English, much less endrian! This is- *this*- Tommy's not sure how many more surprises he can take. The blonde was pushed out of his musings when the pinkette finally stopped trying to slice Dream in half, the audible sigh of relief from the older man bringing a bit of relief to Tommy as well, he didn't want Daydream to die, despite how distant he is to him.

As the maroon eyed teen stood beside his father, Tommy was struck with the epiphany that if Michael is older, *Ranboo* is also older, and well, that's really weird to think about. The blue eyed teen almost jumped out of his skin when Daydream showed up by him and Ghostby again, shielding them with his own body. It didn't really do much, since Ranboo towers over Daydream by a good two feet. It'd be funny if this entire situation wasn't so bizzare to the teen.

His breath hitched when both Ranboo and Michael looked at him, faces weary and tired, as if they haven't gotten proper rest in weeks. ~~Tommy can relate~~. "You" the blonde flinched a little when the heterochromatic man spoke "How do you know my name?" *Oh fuck*, of course he went and fucked it up right at the beginning, this Ranboo doesn't know him and Tommy blurted his name out like a fucking idiot. The teens mouth went dry and he shook a little, relaxing a little when he felt Ghostby press up against his side comfortingly. What the fuck was he supposed to say though?

"I..." Tommy started, feeling pathetic at how small his voice sounded "Dream... talked about you...Ranboob, right? Haha.." the blonde blurted out, cringing immediately when he noticed Daydream tense up, because he, in fact, did *not* tell Tommy about Ranboo. Tommy's not sure if the sandy haired man personally knows him, so he can only pray that he didn't just dig them a deeper grave right now. The relief the blonde felt the moment Michael let out a surprised laugh and Ranboo's face went from stoic to slightly appalled at the nickname was immeasurable.

"Ranb- my name is *Ranboo*- Michael, stop laughing!-" The other Ranboo hissed, a small purple blush appearing on the white side of his face, presumably from embarrassment, making the ghost clinging to Tommy's side snicker under his breath, to be fair, Tommy also thinks it's funny. The blonde could also clearly see Daydream's shoulder shaking in laughter, despite how bewildered the older man must be from Tommy's weird comment.

The tall Enderman hybrid cleared his throat, ignoring the way the Piglin beside him shook with laughter as he focused back on the group in front of him "I see. Please uh- Call me Ranboo, not-" Tommy had to bite back a smirk as he watched the tall man cringe "*Ranboob*- anyways, you two are new." The emerald and ruby eyed hybrid nodded towards the blonde and brunette hanging behind the only adult of their group "Dream picked you two up?" The way Ranboo said it sounded like Ghostby and Tommy were stray dogs, but really, it was *Daydream* who wouldn't leave them alone, not vice versa, they just...tolerated him.

~~*Tommy's too scared to actually attempt to kick him out, plus he's been ..okay, so far, so he's tolerating the presence.*~~

The blonde scoffed, "More like we picked him up, he's a clingy bitch." A small smirk appeared on his lips at Daydream's indignant "*Hey!*", Before it slipped when he noticed the look that appeared on the duo's face. Other Ranboob looked stoic again, though there was a worried look in his eyes, while Michael looked suspicious, even slightly *hostile*. Tommy shifted uneasily, body moving to shield the ghost glued to his side, only to be tugged back into his original position with a huff and a shake of the head from Ghostby, who himself then threw a protective arm around his shoulder. Damn, okay, guess they're both clingy and overprotective, the blonde couldn't help but think to himself as he stared ahead with a deadpan.

Daydream seems to have noticed the tension, and sighed, vanishing his weapon back into his inventory "Look...we were- we were just picking up wood for our base, okay?" The older man said placatingly, casting a worried look over his shoulder at Tommy and Ghostby (*while ignoring the way the ghost stuck his tongue out at him as he attached himself onto the younger blonde beside him*), which seemed to make Ranboo soften a little as he also gazed at the two teens.

"...Well, it's getting dark. I wouldn't want you two to get caught by *him*. How about you two come back to our base for the night?" The tall hybrid offered, making Daydream visibly light up, while Michael gave his father a disbelieving look, beginning to talk rapidly in Enderian. Tommy could barely keep up with his broken understanding of the language, he felt so confused and also frustrated not only because of that but also because nobody will fucking tell him who they're hiding from, is it the same person who Daydream freaked out about last night?

"Dad, we can't!- What if Black Death finds us and kills Pa?! You know Dream's his main target!" He rambled, the screeching noises and vrooms of the Enderman language sounding as natural as they could out of a non-end species mouth, and Tommy's heart felt like it jumped into his throat again. So it *is* the same person Dream was so worried about, and now that Michael mentioned 'Pa'...

*Is Tubbo also a target of this "Black Death"? Is this why he's not here?*



Ranboo gave the zombie piglin a reassuring pat on the shoulder, but you could clearly see the tense posture and worried frown on the Enderman hybrid "It's safer to bring them with us then let *him* find them wandering too close to our base. *He* doesn't know where we're hidden." As Ranboo looked at them again, ignoring the way Michael mumbled "yet." Tommy tried his best to pretend like he didn't know what the duo was talking about (*Though he couldn't quite replicate the frustrated noise Ghostby made when he couldn't make out what they were talking about*) "So? Are you three coming or not?" The giant said as he turned around, presumably walking back in the direction of their house.

Daydream gave the teens one long look, before mumbling "*stay close*" as he walked behind the tall hybrid, presumably because Ranboo didn't feel comfortable with Dream being so close to his son without him making sure he doesn't try anything, which left the group of teens standing there awkwardly.

Tommy looked at Michael, trying to ignore the way the brunette glued to his side glowered at the piglin (*Wilbur has always been overprotective, especially around this age, when they were left all alone*), and the zombie pig hybrid stared back silently, before grinning a little, two growing tusks poking out of his mouth. "Soo...Ranboob-?" The pinkette chuckled, and Tommy smirked.

He doesn't think it'll be that hard to get along with Michael.

---

Turns out he's right, Michael acts a LOT like Tubbo, so naturally, the two got along like a house on fire, much to Ghostby's dismay, they kept stopping because of stupid things they made jokes about, and despite Tommy never being able to laugh truly at them, he enjoyed the piglins company.

"And then he said "We didn't start the fire!" While he danced! You know, like a fucking *psychopath*!" Tommy burst out, relishing in the delighted laugh both Michael and Ghostby let out as they listened to Tommy ramble about Tubbo, of course, they didn't know the joke was about Tubbo, but it was fun and made the blonde's chest feel warm. As he went to deliver another punchline, he got interrupted by Ranboo.

"Kids!-" Tommy scowled as he resisted the urge to yell back that he's not a fucking kid, thank you very much "We're here, hurry up, looks like there's gonna be a small blizzard soon!" The teens quickly hurried over to where the adults stood beside a group of tall trees, the foliage so thick you could barely see through it, which is good because Tommy assumes that behind all of that is where their base is. The Enderman hybrid gave the teens a look over, as if to check if they're okay, while Daydream seemed to do the same to Tommy and Ghostby, visibly relaxing when neither of them looked injured.

When the adults were satisfied with their inspection, Ranboo turned back around and pulled a hidden switch, opening a staircase built into the floor, making Tommy's job drop. He was always bad at redstone things, so even the simplest of systems amazed him. Michael snickered at Tommy's face, making Ghostby's hold on the blond tighten "Cool, right? Dad commissioned it from Sam for a few diamonds and a favour." Tommy could only nod mutely, heart growing both cold and soft at the mention of Sam as they went down the staircase, the ground automatically closing behind them once the whole group arrived at the bottom of the torch lit tunnel. "This is just a safety precaution" Ranboo said as Daydream, Tommy and Ghostby looked around curiosity "If we kept going through the bushes and vines, a path would form and it'd be really obvious to see where exactly we are."

The blonde thinks it makes sense "That's really smart, big man" the teen complimented, making the Enderman blink and smile down at him. Tommy relaxed, *that's* the Ranboo smile he's used to. "Thank you, um...What are your names, I never asked?" The double toned hybrid said as the group

finally arrived at the end of the tunnel, quickly climbing up, Tommy noted that the tunnel goes straight inside the house. "Well, thi-" Tommy got cut off by the ghost beside him "-*I'm Wilby*, but only he can call me that." The brunette said with a small pout as he nudged Tommy "Call me Wil, his name's Tommy." The blonde rolled his eyes fondly at the ghost, he knows it's the paranoia speaking from him, being lonely for so long and finally finding a companion does that, he acted like that when he first met Wilbur, too.

Michael snorted at the shocked look on Ranboo's face, while Dream only seemed resigned and a little bit amused, and Tommy took this opportunity to look around the house they just walked up into. It was ... *obnoxiously* large, and warmly decorated, just like his original couple's version back in Snowchester, now that he thought about it, Snowchester probably didn't exist here, he didn't see a pin on either Ranboo's or Michael's jacket, and he knows how much Tubbo insisted on nation pride and shit.

As he looked around, he stopped at one of the doors in the hallway, it felt...the door felt different, from the other ones in the house, like some sort of sadness was hanging around the doorframe, refusing to leave. Daydream also seemed to have a moment of revelation, as if he just remembered something important. "Hey uh...Ranboo?" The man in question hummed "Where's, uh, where's Tubbo?".

A single sentence seemed to send the room into awkward, borderline uncomfortable silence, as both Ranboo and Michael stared at the green clad man silently, making him look slightly nervous from the way he tensed, before Ranboo sighed as he gestured for the group to follow him.

He walked towards the door with the oppressive feeling Tommy noticed earlier, and every step closer made Tommy feel more and more uneasy, as the tall man opened the door and silently entered, the group went in after, but the blonde stopped in his tracks in the doorway. He didn't register the way Ranboo went and sat silently, or the way Michael stares sadly at the sight in the middle of the room. The blue eyed teen didn't acknowledge the way Daydream sharply inhaled, obviously in shock, or the way Ghostby clutched onto him tighter the instant they went inside the room.

No, the only thing he could focus on was...

Tubbo.

Tubbo, in bed, arm connected to an IV, an old heart monitor keeping track of his heartbeat.

Tubbo, laying in bed, looking too thin and pale, with horrible, radiation looking burns covering his entire face, neck, arms, *anything exposed*, like someone tried to fucking melt his skin off.

*Tubbo*, his best friend, his family in all but blood, *his home*, laying deathly still.

*His Tubbo, laying there in a coma.*

## Chapter End Notes

:) Pain.

Also holy shit guys all these kudos wtf??? And the bookmarks? THANK YOU! I REALLY APPRECIATE IT



## Chapter 7 | Our Symphony

### Chapter Summary

The blue eyed teen hesitated, but then quietly suggested something that made him both excited and scared "I-It... It has words, do you want me to... teach you the song?"

Tommy thinks that the way Ghostby lit up was worth the anxiety the suggestion brought him.

TW: Panic attack

Tommy felt like his heart got snatched straight out of his chest and stomped on the longer he stared at the other version of Tubbo laying on the bed. Tubbo, older looking than his other half back at home, but still too similar to the younger brunette to be anyone else, laying as still as a statue in the bed. The room he's laying in feels much too domestic, walls painted a nice forest green, floors lined with a fluffy carpet, a fireplace lit to keep the room warm, along with many flowers next to the comatose *man*.

~~This Tubbo isn't a boy anymore, not like his Tubbo, who, even with all his clothes and trauma, was still just a 17 year old teenager, his Tubbo isn't frail and pale and still. His Tubbo is healthy, even with all his burn scars. His Tubbo doesn't look dead.~~

The Tubbo on the bed reminded him of the Tubbo after the execution, except his scars are much, *much* worse, they're covering every inch of his arms, neck, and face, and Tommy's sure that they're all over his torso and legs too. They don't look like *regular* burns either, they look- they look like radiation scars. The reason Ranboo was so freaked out about Tubbo not being safe enough when he experimented with the dangerous weapons was for this exact reason, and prime, Tommy hopes that the Tubbo back at home never ever ends up like this, hooked up on an IV and laying on a bed like a corpse.

The blonde's hands shook, he couldn't bother to try and make out what the others were saying, too shocked and appalled by the sight in front of him. He barely felt the concerned touch of a cold hand rubbing his arm, most likely being Ghostby, who was still basically attached to his hip. He could barely breathe as he stumbled his way towards the bed, sinking to his knees beside it as he stared at the ram hybrid's peaceful face. He didn't register the others at all, only hearing snippets of conversation as shakily reached out to hold the motionless Tubbo's hand.

Tommy could make out the distant voice of Michael, muffled as if he was speaking behind glass, sounding bewildered "What's he doing? I-Is he *crying*?" And indeed, the blonde felt tears sliding down his face rapidly, but he couldn't find it in himself to care. He was too busy trying not to completely break down as he held the other Tubbo's hand, a sob threatening to slip past his lips. The blonde flinched when he felt a cold hand brush against the back of his neck, sniffing when he saw the familiar yellow sweater and brown jacket pressed against his side, it's just Ghostby, he's okay, he tried to reassure himself.

~~He's not, his best friend is in a coma, his other best friend doesn't know him, his nephew is too old and wiser than he should be, Dream is acting too nice and his brother is dead. What are his versions of them thinking right now? Do they think he's dead? He's been gone for two weeks~~

~~already.~~

The blonde heaved, breathing shallow as he looked back and forth between the ghost and the still figure of Tubbo "Tommy, *Toms*-" he heard Ghostby trying to talk to him, voice soft and comforting even over the ringing in his ears, but he couldn't focus on it, too sad and panicked over the situation. "What's wrong? *What's happening?*" The ghost sounded panicked as he fretted over him, and the blue eyed teen felt guilty for worrying the caring brunette, but he couldn't- he couldn't breathe and everything is wrong and- *and*-

"Tommy" the blonde froze when he heard *Daydream* of all people speak up next to him "Can you hear me?" Tommy trembled, before nodding jerkily, trying his best not to descend deeper into his panic attack. "Okay, can I touch you?" The thought of ***Dream*** of all people touching him made him bristle and choke back a sob as he tried his best to even out his breathing, something Daydream seemed to notice. "Okay, I won't touch you, Can Ranboo touch you, Tommy?"

The blonde hesitated, before shaking his head again, subconsciously pressing against the worried Ghostby, who clung hard to him despite the worried looks Ranboo was giving him behind his back. "That's fine, Tommy. Can Wilby keep touching you?" Daydream said, and for once Ghostby didn't protest to being called Wilby by the sandy haired man, Tommy could hear Ghostby *whine* out desperately, obviously he didn't want to let the blonde go, and to be honest, Tommy didn't want him to let go either, breathing heavily and shallowly as he pressed harder against the pale ghost glued to his side as he shook his head 'yes'.

Daydream hummed quietly as he looked at the two teens clinging to each other, one more panicked than the other, and Tommy could see he was doing his best to not freak out as well. "Okay Tommy, I want you to try and take a deep breath with me, it's okay if it doesn't go right the first time, we'll keep trying, okay?" And then the older man proceeded to take a deep breath, and Tommy did his best to follow the pattern, coughing and shaking against the cold body of Ghostby.

Tommy shut his eyes tightly as he breathed in and out, doing his best to shut out the vision of Tubbo laying on the bed, focusing on the ghost next to him. It took at least 5 more minutes for his breathing to calm down, and he feels like *shit*. His head feels heavy from crying and lack of proper air, and he feels too hot despite being in the middle of a tundra. He didn't dare open his eyes, not wanting to descend into another panic attack at the sight of his dead looking version of his best friend, and well, he doesn't want to see everyone in the room looking at him with pity.

Ignoring the quiet murmurs of the other people in the room, the blonde shuffled around and buried his head in Ghostby's shoulder, the ghost definitely not minding the action as he nuzzled back against the other teen. It was quiet for a moment, before Ranboo spoke up. "Well, I think it's better if we move out of this room..." the Enderman hybrid said quietly, and Tommy didn't bother to hear if Dream agreed before he got up, opening his eyes and pointedly not looking in the direction of the bed, before stumbling out of the room with the brunette in tow.

He almost faceplants when he trips over the threshold, but Ghostby catches him and guides him outside, leading him down the hall and into a big open room, Tommy realizes it's the living room when he's gently pushed down onto the couch. The blonde looks down at his hands stubbornly, leaning on the brunette when he sits down next to him and puts an arm around his shoulder. A small smile appeared on his face when Buddy jumped up on the couch next to them and curled up against his side, the lamb's head resting on his thigh.

The small moment of peace is shattered by the rest of the group piling into the room, and well, Tommy really doesn't wanna look at them, but he's ~~weak~~ a big man he won't take anymore shitty pity, so he looks up. The first thing he notices is that Ranboo retreated into the other room, by the

sound of porcelain clanking against each other, he's bringing them dinner. Daydream is sitting on one of the sofas, rubbing his arm, it's probably bruised from his earlier scuffle with Michael, and the hybrid in question is standing next to the couch Tommy is on awkwardly, looking like he really wants to say something but not knowing how.

Tommy doesn't think he can handle answering why he freaked out so much when he saw Tubbo, so he ignores it and instead elects to sigh and hum under his breath, the L'manburg anthem comforting him further as closed his eyes. He felt Ghostby looking at him curiously, before the ghost nudged him, making the blonde open his eyes and look at the brunette questioningly, quietly taking note of how Michael went into the kitchen after his dad when Tommy didn't start up a conversation, and Daydream seemed to be giving them space by seemingly arranging his inventory.

He grumbled when Ghostby nudged him again "What is it, big dubs?" The blonde mumbled tiredly, too exhausted to put up his usually boisterous voice. The brunette lit up at the new title "What's that song, I noticed you hum it a lot!" The ghost said enthusiastically, and well, Tommy should've expected this, Wilbur has always loved music, and this is technically his song, even if this is not the same Wilbur who wrote the L'manburg anthem.

"It's..." he hesitated, he'd have to change the lyrics and it'd be awkward, but he couldn't resist sharing the song with Wilby, it's their song, their L'manburg, and the Wil back at home absolutely refused to even hear it when Tommy tried to get him to sing it with him once. "It's the anthem of the country I come from, I- it's not around anymore, but the song is really special to me, it's comforting to hum it" the blonde admits to the ghost, who lets out a quiet '*mhm*' of understanding.

The blue eyed teen hesitated, but then quietly suggested something that made him both excited and scared "I-It... It has words, do you want me to... teach you the song?"

Tommy thinks that the way Ghostby lit up was worth the anxiety the suggestion brought him.

---

When Ranboo came back from the kitchen, carrying a plate with steamed carrots and cooked beef, with Michael behind him, he was surprised to hear the sound of two people singing in the living room. Looking at Michael with a confused expression, the piglin looking back equally bewildered, the duo peeked around the corner and blinked in surprise.

Tommy and Ghostby were singing, and Dream was listening to them, looking... *relaxed*, for once, the tall man is usually always tense and on alert. The dual skinned man's ears twitched as he focused on the lyrics of the song the teens were singing without shame.

"*With Tommy and his friends, it's a very big and beautiful L'manburg.. My L'manburg... My L'manburg...*"

The way the blonde was singing seemed as if he was finally safe, he didn't hold himself as if he'd get jumped every second, he looked *peaceful*. And well, Ranboo may not know him, but he thinks the kid deserves a break from whatever is going on. If he ever decides that he doesn't want to stay with Dream anymore, the Enderman hybrid wouldn't mind letting the teen and his ghost friend stay here. As Ranboo walked in and set the plates of food down on the table, Tommy stopped singing abruptly, looking embarrassed, but he still gave the tall hybrid a grateful look, making Ranboo smile.

Yeah, he wouldn't mind letting the kid stay at all, especially after the scene with Tubbo.

*He just hopes the kid isn't a target like his husband is.*



## Chapter 8 | Not so Merry

### Chapter Summary

Weeks go by and the weather gets colder, everything seems fine, but not for long

After all, nothing ever goes well at parties.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's been a calm few weeks, November swiftly shifting into December with nothing exciting really happening. Tommy thinks to himself as he makes his way back into the slowly expanding hidden base he and his... *team?* built over time, inventory full of wool for his knitting and more wood for the final floor of their not-so-little hideout.

Said hideout was turning out quite nicely (*despite not being fully made out of cobblestone, much to the blondes dismay, even though he could admit using wood makes the place look prettier, his building skills got a bit better, as shown by the watch tower near the prison back in the original SMP*), already having three floors built into the mountain, the final floor they were making was the chest room with a carefully hidden nether portal.

Tommy isn't stupid, he knows it's that deep in the mountain so that it's hidden deep in the rubble of netherrack in the hellscape too, it would be impossible to track them back to the portal if it's not in plain sight. But because of how obvious it is, the blonde brit is getting a bit... pissy, at how Daydream always seems to dance around the topic of "*what are we hiding from?*", And Ghostby doesn't know either, so he can't even pull it out of him. The entire situation makes him want to scream, because even if Daydream is basically a weird Dream, he'd still help him fight off a threat if he's so obviously *afraid* of it.

~~*The blonde doesn't want to think it's because Dream is trying to protect him, why would he? Tommy doesn't deserve protection.*~~

Whatever, he'll make the green bitch spill the beans eventually, contrary to popular belief he can be quite persuasive when he wants to be. Other than that, Tommy is... content with how things are going. The base is almost done, and he's been visited by other Ranboo and Michael whenever the pair seemed to have time, though it's usually the young zombie Piglin hybrid who comes to him first (*He must be lonely, the teen can't imagine the pinkette has many people to talk to with how everyone keeps hiding from whatever/whoever the fuck black death is*), and Ranboo follows close behind. Tommy thinks it's kind of funny how *fatherly* he acts, until he acts that way to Tommy too, which makes him feel both extremely embarrassed and really weird, *because imagine if one of your best friends was suddenly 9 years older than you and wanted to motherhen you.*

Weird, innit?

The blonde got pulled out of his thoughts when he arrived at the carefully hidden entrance of their base, only to pause when he heard the sound of chattering coming from the direction of the living room. *Huh*, that must mean Michael and Ranboo are over, because Ghostby outright refuses to talk to Daydream unless it's to make fun of him. The teen briskly walked in, rubbing off the dirt off of



his shoes on the doormat, before tossing his 5 stacks of wood into one of the chest in the entrance room (*said room is lined with birch and spruce wood, with a double row of empty space on the ceiling set up for redstone lamps once they actually set up their nether portal and manage to get some glowstone dust, there's chest all along the walls filled with basic materials like wood and stone, everything valuable is down in the last level of their base*), and quickly made his way over to where the conversation was happening.

"—e thought that you'd like to come, now that you have kids to look after—" Upon noticing the entrance of the blonde teen, Ranboo, who was discussing something with Daydream, cut himself off, giving Tommy a small, gentle smile ~~which made the teen feel all soft and sad, because him and his Ranboo smile exactly the same~~, and waving at him, which made Dream turn his directing. The sandy haired man seemingly untensing a tiny bit as soon as he saw him, Tommy bit back a snort at how both of the adults seemed just a bit too relieved to see him, ridiculous, ~~it's not as if they had any reason to worry about a nuisance like him.~~

"Hey Tommy, did you get the wood you wanted for the storage room?" Daydream asked, pointedly ignoring the loud shout of "*TOMMY'S BACK!?*" coming from the kitchen along with rushed footsteps coming into the living room. The blonde in question could only sigh as soon as he saw the familiar, slightly transparent figure of Ghostby flying around the corner, closely followed by Michael who looked equally as excited to see him, but at the very least the piglin hybrid didn't throw himself at him like the brunette did. Cold arms looping around his shoulders in a friendly hug as if Tommy had gone away to war and was gone for ten years.

"Ayup." He said shortly, holding back a cringe at how much he sounded like *Jack*, briefly hugging the ghost clinging to him back "Gathered enough for the entire room, cause I'm efficient as fuck!" The blonde winked, smirking when he heard the pinkette next to him snort under his breath.

Daydream chuckled at Tommy's cocky facade as Ranboo looked at the trio of teens fondly. The blonde supposes they must look kind of endearing with the way Ghostby is shoving his face into Tommy's hair and the way Michael seems to follow the older duo around like a lost duckling, but he'll never admit it. Because he's not cute, or *endearing* in any way.

"Soo... " Tommy trailed off, making his way over to the couch and flopping down on it, smiling absentmindedly at the blue lamb lazing around on one of the cushions. "What were you talking about, huh? Don't think I didn't hear Ranboob call us *kids* again," The blonde quipped, a shit-eating grin crawling into his face as the smile was wiped off of the tall ender hybrid's lips at the nickname. Not even bothering to look humble when Michael began laughing. "*Well*, now that you mention it" Ranboo began, shooting Mike a glare when he kept laughing at the '*Ranboob*' joke "Christmas is tomorrow, and—"

The blonde raised an eyebrow, flinching when Ghostby let out a loud gasp right next to his ear "CHRISTMAS IS TOMORROW?!—" Making the adults chuckle at his obvious excitement. Tommy honestly couldn't blame him, he also forgot that Christmas is tomorrow.

~~The date just didn't feel the same after his last Christmas in exile.~~

"Yeah! And well, usually some of us gather around for the holidays, just to see how everyone is fairing, you know? And it was Michael's idea to invite you, he kind of *begged* me to—" The Enderman hybrid ignored the way his son looked at him in betrayal. "So we came to pick you up, since it's kind of last minute, of course you don't have to come, but it'd be nice since Tommy and Wil here don't really know anyone."

There was a moment of silence, and before Tommy or Dream could even say anything, Ghostby turned to Daydream with the biggest deadpan "We're going." The blonde had to hold back a snort

at the dead tone the brunette was using. Guess they're going to the Christmas party, then.

---

And that's how the group ended up back at Michael's and Ranboo's house, *again*, this time on better terms than last time, feeling only slightly uncomfortable while passing by the same mahogany door that hid the motionless body of Tubbo behind it. Tommy wondered if the inside of the room is just as well decorated as the rest of the house is, shaking away those thoughts when he felt a hand against his shoulder. The blonde jerked away from the appendage, spinning around to glare at the person touching him, eyes softening when he saw Michael behind him with an apologetic look on the hybrid's face.

"Sorry, 'didn't mean to scare you—"

"—It's fine, you didn't scare me, pig boy, I'm too big of a man to get scared!" Tommy cut the pinkette off, ignoring the ridiculous look Ghostby sent at him when he said that, choosing to instead walk towards where he heard voices coming from the living room. Walking into the open space, the first thing Tommy noticed was the decor of the big space. Christmas lights hung on the banisters and walls, fireplace lit and lined with garlands and large Christmas socks already filled with gifts for tomorrow and a honest to *prime* giant Christmas tree, big enough to actually brush against the roof of the small mansion, decorated over the top and looking cheesy as fuck, painfully reminiscent of how Tubbo would decorate it... *they probably did it like that for him, since he's not awake to see it or celebrate with them.*

Tearing his eyes away from the grand tree, Tommy focused on the new bunch of people he has seen before, but they haven't seen him yet. The blonde's chest squeezed pitifully at the sight of everyone before him, looking so familiar, knowing that none of them knew him like he knows them. Tommy saw Ghostby hover closer to him out of the corner of his eye, letting the ghost grab his hand and squeeze it, making his hurting heart soften a little at the brotherly affection. Michael looked at Tommy, eye wide as he stared at his arm, and the blonde sighed, holding out a hand to the piglin which he happily took with a small squeal, reminding Tommy of how the Michael back home would always grunt and squeal at him in piglin. His English wasn't good enough to make proper sentences yet, and well, Tommy's the only one who could really hold a full conversation with the kid since he's *fluent* in the language thanks to Techno and Wilbur.

Letting the piglin drag him forward with minimal resistance on his part, the blonde only now fully registered who *exactly* is in the room. With wide eyes, Tommy could only listen as Michael pointed out various people, dragging him along too fast for him to really do anything other than wave at them.

"Look Tommy— That's Niki! She lives with Eret and Jack. That's the guys next to her, by the way— In a plains biome around 1200 blocks away. They have a really big orchard and multiple greenhouses! Oh! And a lake, how cool is that?" The pink haired teen next to him rambled excitedly, small tusks peeking out from his mouth as he grinned at the other group of three they passed by. All of them seemed endeared to the zombie teen, and honestly, Tommy is too, which is why he's letting his nephew drag him (*and Ghostby by default too, but the ghost doesn't mind Michael as long as he gets to stay close to Tommy apparently*) like a rag doll.

Niki looks... *softer* than the one back at home. Her hair is still pink, though it's more powdery than he remembers it. Her horns aren't as big or curved as they should be, which is a good thing, the bigger they are, the more misery she has to deal with, after all. He's glad this Niki isn't suffering as much as the one he knows. Tommy's eyes trail over her, taking note of her light brown dress and the yellow bow tightening it around her waist, it looks... comfortable, but definitely not what Niki usually wears. When the girl waves at him, Tommy can't help but do a small wave back.

~~*This isn't your Niki, Niki wouldn't look at you so gently.*~~

Next to Niki is Eret, who looks... mostly the same as his Eret. She's wearing a more feminine outfit today, with a cream coloured collared dress shirt and a longish maroon skirt, black leggings and small heeled winter boots. There's a daisy tucked behind their ear, and the trademark sunglasses still rest snugly on his nose. Tommy does his best to not acknowledge the lack of a crown on the ~~former monarch's~~ other Eret's head. The brunette smiles at the teens as well, looking remarkably friendly, not sorrowful or regretful like their counterpart.

Next is Jack, who looks the most peculiar out of the trio. Rather than his usual hoodie, he's wearing a dark blue flannel and light blue overalls, with knee high boots and a bandana wrapped around his head, his 3D glasses nowhere in sight. Tommy notes he looks remarkably like a farmer.

Michael gazed at the group for a moment, before looking back at Ghostby and Tommy. "They look busy, I'm sure you can introduce yourself to them later— Come on, there's still four more people I want you to meet," And with that, the piglin dragged the duo away again, making the blonde grunt as his ghost companion only sunk more into him, the teen basically drag the other. "Wilby, sod off— You're staining making my jacket *blue*," Tommy hissed as Mike dragged them over to the Christmas tree.

The ghost didn't budge. "Not my jacket, don't care." The brunette said smugly, resting his head against the blonde's, making him bristle. "Wil, you *bitch*—" "I told you to call me *Wilby*—" "You don't fucking deserve it right now, you bloody—" their banter was interrupted by a Tommy almost slamming into Michael's back when the hybrid stopped, making both Ghostby and Tommy almost fall over in the process. Tommy spun around, and he's pretty sure his ears turned a bit red when he caught the other group of people Michael was dragging them over to staring at them with varying degrees of amusement.

Ghostby didn't seem bothered by this at all, he just smugly waved at the group before going back to burying his face into Tommy's hair, hands purposefully smearing more blue against his arms and back. The blonde briefly thought about not giving the brunette his gift for Christmas tomorrow, but decided against it, Ghostby is clingy and well, Tommy doesn't mind the affection, *ESPECIALLY* since it's from the brunette who's the same older brother he remembers from his childhood. The blue will wash away eventually.

Choosing to let the ghost be for now, Tommy focused back on Michael and the group before him, which promptly knocked the air out of his lungs as soon as he saw who exactly was laughing at his '*suffering*'.

There was Ponk, with his face mask that covered only a half of his face for a change. He wore a white cloak with a hood, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, the entire thing being lined with small golden designs, so Tommy still couldn't really see his hair under it. He had a black and red sweater underneath the cloak, with dark pants to go along with his theme. There was a standard belt looped around his waist, with slots for potions and a small bag filled with medical supplies, presumably. What interested Tommy the most was the metal arm he had. It was a mix of iron and gold, with veins of red running through the entire thing, despite being metal, the arm moves fluidly, as if it was flesh.

It's redstone powered, Tommy realizes as he looks the older man over. It's really well made too, which means...

The blonde slowly looked over, and his suspicions were confirmed instantly. There stood Sam, admittedly much less intimidating and stressed looking than the warden or original Sam himself, though it was obvious he's older than his counterpart. He's wearing a dark green cloak with creeper

designs on the bottom, a black undershirt and his classic gas mask that he never seems to take off. The dark green haired man must've smiled at him with the way his eyes crinkled. ~~Tommy remembers when Sam looked at him like that, Tommy remembers when he considered calling Sam his dad.~~

Then there's Quackity, who looks... *well*... He looks more like the Big Q from before he started Las Vegas, to be honest. Sure, he looks incredibly sleep deprived and definitely older, but no deceptive glint can be seen in the duck hybrid's eyes. He's wearing his usual beanie, but that's where the similarities end. The black undershirt and pants isn't that unusual but the blue poncho and large brown jacket hanging off of his shoulders certainly is. It's incredibly hard to wrestle Quackity into any kind of cold weather gear, so seeing him wearing something so big and puffy *willingly*? It's almost comical. The blonde also noticed the eyepatch covering one of the older man's eyes, huh...

Last but not least, there's Foolish, who looks very similar to his original counterpart, to be honest. Same intimidating height (*though he's shrunk down to fit into the house*), same sparkling golden skin, big eyes with pupils of emeralds and a grey robe. The demigod looks... *well*. He doesn't look like he's aged, but that's because he's golden. He does look more worn, more *stern*, and also kind of pissed off. ~~Maybe Tommy was just that irritating to look at.~~

Holding back an audible gulp, the blonde shuffled in place, put on a fake smile and nodded his head at the group "Hey, uh, I'm- I'm Tommy." He said, holding back a wince at how awkward he sounded. Damn, his social skills have deteriorated exponentially over the last couple of years. The group didn't seem bothered by this, with the way Quackity smiled at him. "Tomás, Ey? Nice to meet ya, kid!" The duck hybrid said cheerfully, reaching a hand out and shaking Tommy's hand. The blonde barely managed to not wrench his hand away from the hold. "I'm Quackity! And that's Samuel, Ponk and Foolish." The deadpan Sam gave Quackity at the nickname almost made the teen snort. Ponk sighed fondly at the avian's antics, before nodding at Tommy in acknowledgement "Nice to meet you, Tommy. Who's your friend?" he said while looking at Ghostby, who briefly looked up from where he was fiddling with a strand of the blonde's hair.

The brunette ghost gave them a cheeky smile "I'm Wilby, but call me Wil, only Toms can call me Wilby-" the blonde teen flushed, ducking his head when he noticed the group of adults look at them softly, making Michael snicker. An elbow in the gut from Tommy silenced the piglin, making Quackity snort.

"Feisty," The black haired man chuckled, grin only growing wider when Tommy glared at him. "Now now, let the poor boy be." The blonde almost jumped when Sam spoke up, "It's very nice to meet you two, I can't say we've ever seen you around, who are you kids staying with?"

*Ah, here is Sam with his fatherly instincts*, Tommy thought bitterly as he let his gaze wander over to where Daydream stood, still deep in a conversation with Ranboo and seemingly Eret too, now. The group looked to where Tommy was looking, and suddenly there was silence, as if they couldn't believe what they were seeing. Tommy doesn't let his intrusive thoughts come forth, because he's here to have a *good* time, he won't let a bunch of randos make him feel uneasy. Except this isn't a bunch of randos, and they're other versions of his... *friends*?

For the first time, Foolish spoke up "Hey guys, do you mind leaving me and Tommy alone for a bit? I have something important to say to him."

Aw fuck, now this probably *is* something he has to worry about. Tommy could only watch helplessly as everyone nodded, managing to convince Ghostby to leave him and Foolish alone "*for five minutes*" (*He hopes for the sake of Foolish that it really is five minutes, Ghostby is very*

grumpy when random people **or Dream** take him away, like the clingy bitch he is), once everyone retreated away from them, he turned to look back at Foolish nervously. What could he possibly want with him? They just met. And it most likely has something to do with Daydream, which doesn't help Tommy's anxiety in the slightest.

"So... Big F, what did ya wanna say to me?" He said awkwardly, watching Ghostby sulk out of the corner of his eye near the fireplace. The sight of the ghost helped him keep calm, but he tensed up once more when the demigod spoke up. "Tommy." The blonde flinched when his name was uttered, though it was not in a hostile manner "Why are you with *him*." The sheer amount of hatred almost made Tommy blanch, the switch from fond to downright malicious startling, especially since Foolish was referring to Dream, his *brother*.

*Are they brothers in this universe too?*

"Ah, funny story, h-haha—" he stuttered, mentally cursing himself for sounding so small and meek "He kind of? Looks after me and Wil? *I guess?* I mean, we can take care of ourselves, we're strong and shit— he just kind of... follows us around?" Tommy said, sounding unsure, because really, Daydream isn't that bad from what he's seen, he doesn't act like *him*. He doesn't yell at him, degrade him or take away his stuff, and he certainly doesn't *hit* him. *Then again, maybe this Dream is just better at manipulation.*

Looking up, Tommy shrunk back at the appalled look on the golden skinned Demigods face. It seemed like each second it got darker and darker, till there was nothing but rage and malice left in those emerald orbs. "That pathetic **worm**." *Oh fuck. "How dare he—"* The ocean champion cut himself off by pinching the bridge of his nose and squeezing his eyes shut in frustration, god, he looks so *pissed off*. Tommy's never seen Foolish this genuinely angry, it's so fucking scary, if Tommy wasn't such a big man who can hold back his emotions he'd probably cry. "Listen to me, Tom. A word of advice from me to you." The demigod whispered, looking down at him with a soft, but dark look "*Dream—*" he spat the name out as if it was a stain on the bottom of his shoe "Isn't. A. Good. Person."

It felt like a stone was tied around his ankle and dragged him down to Atlantis with how fast his stomach dropped. *He knew it he knew it he knew it—*

"What... what do you mean?" Tommy whispered hoarsely, glaring when a look of pity appeared on the tall Divine's face. "I only wish to warn you," Foolish said sympathetically, *pitifully*. "He's done things, and I want you to be safe." A gentle hand resting on Tommy's shoulder, making the blonde teen want to wrench away from it and run for the hills "Don't let your guard down, he's *not* a good person, no matter what he says." And with a look in Daydream's direction, the demigod squeezed his hand on Tommy's shoulder before walking off, with a small self satisfied smile and a whisper of "*Be careful, young one.*"

And if for the rest of the night Tommy didn't talk to anyone much. No one said anything about it.

---

It was later that evening, around 10:30 in fact, when almost everyone had already either left or retreated into their designated guest room that Tommy found himself curled up on the sofa, his knees drawn to his chest with his chin resting on top of them, a million thoughts racing through his head. The blonde had already told Ghostby to go to bed under the guise that he'll join him after "*he takes a piss*", so he was completely alone to speculate about what the fuck Foolish told him.

*Daydream's not what you think he is.*

But what does that **mean**? What did he do? What is he *hiding* from them?

Before he could keep overthinking, the root of his problem waltzed into the room and plopped down on one of the armchairs next to him, a glass of wine held in his hand. He tilted his head at Tommy, before speaking up softly, making the blonde tense. "Are you okay? You look like you're thinking a lot." The words sounded so concerned, so *soft*. So unlike anything threatening. It's almost bizarre how evil can hide in the most unlikely places. Daydream tilted his head when he didn't say anything, so Tommy plucked up all his leftover mental strength and asked the question that has been plaguing him for hours now.

"Why did Foolish tell me to stay away from you?"

The question seemed to shock Daydream, if his tensing shoulders were anything to go by. The duo sat there in silence for a good few minutes, the crackling of the fire being the only sound in the room. With each passing minute of silence Tommy grew more and more tense, heart growing heavier when Dream didn't answer immediately.

"He..." Daydream finally spoke up, swallowing audibly before looking away. It seems as if the words he's trying to utter are painful to say. "I- He thinks... I did *something*," he finally said, voice shaking *nervously*. Tommy doesn't recall Dream ever sounding this nervous.

Tommy's gaze wavered for a moment, and he tucked his knees closer to his chest, he knows what it's like to be judged upon something you didn't do or wasn't entirely his fault.

*The Community House. The war of independence. Doomsday.*

And most of the other stuff other Dream said he did, when he in fact had no way to.

"*Something?*" The blonde croaked out, hating how pathetic he sounded. Tommy cursed himself for already feeling sympathetic, but at the same time too weary. *What if Foolish is right?* After all, Dream was such a good liar... Tommy saw Daydream tense at the question, fire illuminating the side of his mask ominously as he clenched fists, making Tommy scoot back a bit apprehensively. The sandy haired man shook his head, quickly looking back at Tommy, as if bringing himself back to reality.

"Yea," was the thing that came out of the older man's mouth, before he continued, voice trembling more and more "He thinks I k—" Daydream stopped himself, hands rising to his mask, it sounded like he had a hard time breathing in the thing. However, all of Tommy's concern flew out of the window when the man uttered the words that made him freeze in panic.

*"I... killed someone"*

*Oh.*

Chapter End Notes

Murder??????

## Chapter 9 | Marked by Death

### Chapter Summary

Trust is fragile, but Tommy thinks he's ready to try again, even if he has a few breakdowns along the way.

But hey, if he's finally healing, why does it feel like someone's staring at him all the time?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy felt like his heart turned to stone, like someone took it and bashed it against the wall repeatedly until it turned to dust. The words that tumbled out of Daydream's mouth made him feel like his blood became ice, the blonde feels terribly cold out of the sudden, even if he and Daydream are sitting beside a well lit fireplace.

*I killed someone.*

No, this couldn't be happening. He knew Dream was capable of murder, 3 times in fact. He knows Dream wouldn't hesitate to hurt people, but Daydream wasn't like Dream. He didn't act anything like that *monster*. He never made him do anything he didn't want to, he never hurt him or put him down, hell, he laughed at Tommy's jokes while all Dream would do was tell him to be quiet. He made sure he ate everyday, he even checked on him to make sure he was sleeping every night when he didn't have any reason to!

*I killed someone.*

But what if Daydream *did* kill someone? Was Tommy being played this entire time? Was he still so gullible that it only took him a month and a few days to feel like another version of Dream didn't have any bad intentions?

*I killed someone.*

The blonde teen gulped, having to physically force himself to not shake in fear. "Did you?" Tommy said, voice shaky and as cold as the dread coursing through his body, desperately clinging onto the hope that Daydream isn't a psychopath. *That he wasn't being toyed with the entire time he stayed with the sandy haired blonde.* Tommy forced himself to look up from his knees, breath caught in his throat from how tense Daydream looked, please, *for the love of prime, don't let him be like him.*

The longer Tommy stared at Daydream's the more uncomfortable the air between them got. His heartbeat rapidly grew louder and louder in his ears, *why wasn't Daydream saying anything? Come on, just say something, anything!* When Dream finally spoke up, the blue eyed jumped, silently cursing himself for showing so much fear in front of a—

"Would your opinion change if I told you the truth?" A small scoff followed the softly spoken question, sounding more mournful than mocking. Would Tommy's opinion *change*? If Dream

really did kill someone, then yes, no matter the circumstances, he doesn't think he can trust anyone who looks like Dream who has blood on their hands. After all, it isn't really considered full on murder unless you take someone's last canon life, because then, they can't come back, ever.

*Except Dream found a way to cheat that, too, of course he did, and of course he used Tommy to prove it.*

He saw Daydream falter when he didn't answer, and as the older man looked down, seemingly resigned. The boy gulped audibly, raising his ever so slightly shaking hand towards his sleeve, tugging at it to ground himself. He needs the truth, **Dream's** a liar, but he knows how Dream acts when he lies, **Daydream** doesn't act like him.

Tommy took a deep breath "Tell me the truth," he said, voice shaky but strong "Don't be a fucking coward," he hissed, adrenaline pumping through his veins "Don't you dare lie to me, I've had enough of that shit in my life already." Because Dream has lied to him more times than he could count, Wilbur had him wrapped around his finger like a fucking string, trapped in web of both sweet lies and harsh truths. Techno lied to him about keeping him safe, *when for his own benefit he knew he would give him away in a heartbeat*, even Tubbo lied to him, what happened to 'together forever' when he exiled him?

It's safe to say Tommy has had enough lies and false promises in his life, so he hopes for the sake of Daydream he says the truth, because Tommy is observant enough to figure out if he's lying. He glared at the older man, but the glare wasn't malicious, it's filled with desperation and hope, *please don't lie, please be good.*

The silence continued, filling Tommy with unimaginable anxiety and fear, *why isn't he saying anything?* But the way Daydream fidgeted in place and clenched his fists told him how uncomfortable the other is as well

A curt sigh left his lips as his hands still clenched together loosened a bit, but didn't stop fidgeting.

Dream finally opened his mouth to speak "Sorry," he croaked out sorrowfully, hands unclenching to grip his pants tightly, Tommy can practically see him shaking. "I—" the sandy blonde paused, finally pushing himself to say something, head hanging low as if he was tempted to hide away. Despite the situation, Tommy doesn't really blame him for being so nervous "*I didn't.*"

There was another moment of silence, the stretch of it leaving an impossibly tense atmosphere between the duo. The blonde haired teen stared straight at the older man, gauging his body language and observing him very intensely. While there's differences between DD and Dream, their mannerisms are very similar, and... it seems Daydream was telling the truth, no matter how much Dream himself didn't seem to believe it. The blonde slowly relaxed, the coldness in his stare dropping, fear seeping out of his system, leaving behind only welcoming relief and slight weariness, as well as hope.

"Okay" The blonde choked out "I believe you, Big D. I— thank you, for being honest, I guess." Tommy said, before hesitating and steeling his nerves, convincing himself not to pussy out, the blonde reached out to pat the other man's shoulder. Fingers trembling as he clapped the coarse material of the man's green hoodie... now that he thinks about it, when was the last time Dream washed that thing, it looks real rough. As Daydream stared at him through his mask in dead silence, Tommy discreetly rubbed his hand into his pants, he really needed to convince Daydream to wash his clothes at the very least.

"That's certainly a first," A curt laugh left the older man's mouth, a hand going up to cover his mouth in the process, scratching ever so slightly at the porcelain mask covering his face, the noise



making Tommy cringe a bit.

"I'm sorry... for saying I did, I thought it only fair I live up to my brothers tales," He supplied, sounding incredibly mournful, the sad tone making Tommy's empathetic side ache. He did his best to push it down, he didn't want the man to think that he's pitying him, because Tommy knows how much people hate that.

The blonde shook his head, frowning. He may not be comfortable around the older for... reasons, but he does trust him now, mostly. He's too genuine to be a manipulator. Too... Too nice to be Dream.

"You're not a murderer. You—" Tommy cut himself off, before looking straight at Daydream mournfully "You don't act like hi— *one*," He quickly corrected himself, before clearing his throat and hiding his face in his bandana "Don't let that asshole dictate what you are, you've been nothing but- but nice to me and I've been a shithead to you, I'm sorry."

Daydream inhaled sharply "I deserve it, prime knows it," the older man said, sounding so convinced it made the blonde's stomach ache with sympathy. "Tommy," The teen in question looked up when Dream addressed him, "Just because I'm not a murderer doesn't mean I haven't done wrong things," His voice was barely above a whisper, as if speaking any louder would make the world cave in.

"I'm not telling you this to fear me, or pity me more. But— Until you know the full story," He lifted his mask slightly, showing his smile, as weak and small as it was. Tommy noted that while he couldn't even see most of the man's face, he could see large scars running up from the man's neck to the side of his jaw, stretching all the way over his right cheek and the rest presumably hiding under the mask. Tommy wonders where he got them from, because **he** didn't have them, Tommy would know, since he gave **him** some of the most noticeable scars himself.

The teen decided not to comment on the scars that were shown along with his smile, simply because he'd hate it if DD asked about the bigass scar stretching all the way from the bottom of his left eyelid to the hallway point of his right cheek, or his scarred up, squinted eye that he couldn't see very well out of.

"I ask that you treat me with caution," Daydream continued, sounding very serious, almost like Phil when he was scolding *Teek* and *Wil* for rough housing while his toddler self sat there and cheered them on "I have no right to earn your trust or sympathy when you haven't heard. But I'm- I'm also not ready to tell you yet," The sandy haired man lowered his mask back down, effectively hiding a sad little frown that completely contradicts his masks happy expression, before slowly offering a hand for the boy to shake "I'll tell you when the time is right, that I promise you" and he sounded so *sincere*.

The teen hesitated, staring at Daydream's face with a small frown, his eyes traced over features of the uneasy mask, forcing his mind into an uneasy state of calmness so that he doesn't freak out again. Slowly, shakily, *fearfully*, he put his hand in the older man's and shook it.

"Don't worry, I know when to be cautious, Prime knows I've learned" he admitted, looking up at the older with sad, hollow eyes. "I'm- I'm putting a lot of faith in you, Big Man. I probably shouldn't, but I feel like I can. But don't worry, I know what to do if things go to shit." Tommy sighed "I'm not forcing you to tell me anything, okay? Just like you don't force me, despite me freaking out every other day" The blonde laughed, "And I don't pity you, I'd say it's more like sympathy." He muttered underneath his breath.

*menace, betrayer, monster, failure, exiled, dangerous, unbearable, freak, selfish*

"So don't worry, okay? I... I think we can work through this, I want to stick by you, I don't— I don't trust you, not fully, but I think I can, so please stick around until— until we can figure this shit out"

Daydream hummed, tilting his head as he shook the boy's hand during his speech, making Tommy grumble when he let go, the way he acts like **Dream** but not at the same time is gonna drive the blonde insane soon.

"If you think a little pep talk would have me running to the woods and leaving you and Ghost boy behind, you're more than wrong," The older man said with a quiet laugh, probably minding his tone to not wake up the whole house. Daydream let out a long, mocking sigh as he lifted his arms and crossed them behind his head, leaning back into the sofa.

"It's not like you kids could even fend for yourselves if you tried," He teased, chuckling, and Tommy scowled, hesitantly, but playfully, with new courage, pushing the older man's shoulder. "Hey, the fuck's that supposed to mean, bitch! I'll have you know I'm a seasoned survivalist!" It was true, Tommy was good at fending for himself, but it did feel nice to have someone along with him, someone to look out for him "We could always just leave you in a ditch somewhere if you get too annoying" He quipped, tone not quite happy, but light-hearted, it means that this is the real start of friendship, and maybe something closer, he doesn't think about how that's how he got close to Techno when Phil first brought him home.

When Daydream laughed loud enough to probably actually wake up everyone in the mansion, Tommy couldn't help but jump, and then snorted when the man in green pretended to almost fall off the couch.

"Oh I'm *sureee*," The older blonde said, woefully putting a hand dramatically over his 'face' "And not one soul may find me! Oh woe for me, a thousand woes!" The old fart joked, uncontrollable giggles slipping from his lips, and Tommy's heart hurt from how domestic this entire thing between them is right now.

The blonde watched as Daydream reached for his wine, looking over at Tommy now as he lay uncomfortably on the couch. Well, it looked like he was, with his back to the bottom and his neck craned on the arm rest, Tommy can't really see how he could be comfortable in that position.

"Now, is it close to your bed time so I can have my mommy wine, or should i go drink elsewhere," The sandy haired man said light heartedly, making Tommy both annoyed and amused. *Mummy wine? Seriously?* However, he wasn't willing to show that he was amused by this bitch fuck, so he went with his usual charade. "I'm not a kid, bitch, I go to bed whenever the fuck I want—" The blonde was cut off by a yawn that slipped past his lips "*fuck*—" before shaking his head and rolling his eyes. "You sound so *old*. Old ass man needs his special juice to get knocked out, I bet you're ancient—" Tommy said with a smirk, before rubbing his good eye with a sigh "I'll head up to sleep with Wil, don't worry about me interrupting you, bitch" Before turning around to head upstairs, the blonde paused, and gave DD a small smile, so tiny you could miss it if you didn't know where to look.

"Good night, *Daydream*," letting the nickname slip, he booked it up the stairs as quietly as he could, leaving the room in silence as he passed up the stairs, ignoring the eyes boring into his back.

And if Tommy didn't sleep that night while cuddled up with Ghostby and Buddy, too busy knitting a black scarf with dark green patterns as a last minute gift, no one had to know.

---

The next day passed by in a blur, Christmas morning filling the entire house in a state of drowsy cheer, everyone who didn't already leave last night sleepily resting on the sofas in the oversized

living room. Tommy didn't really have much time to process who stayed and who didn't (*He's pretty sure he saw Eret dyeing Niki's hair another colour while she and Jack leaned on each other while eating some homemade crisps, he doesn't know why they're dyeing her hair here, but it's not his business*), as he was quickly rushed outside after having a few loaves of bread and a few cooked pork chops shoved into his arms by an overly excited Michael and Ghostby.

And that's how he spent his entire day hanging out with the two teens and Ranboo, who was seemingly supervising them. It was... fun, he had to admit, full of snowball fights and building snowmen in a more remote part of the snowy biome, safely covered by large trees and shadowed by large cliffs, they had to be more careful with Ghostby since he melts when he gets wet, but Tommy managed to wrestle him into fully putting on his usually half falling jacket and a pair of black mittens with snowflake patterns rather than his fingerless gloves.

Later that day, he even gave all of them the gifts he got for them, ones made hastily after the party was announced, and he was surprised by how much the group actually *liked* them.

When he handed Ranboo and Michael a purple and yellow bandana respectively, with a little R and M stitched in the corner of the handmade fabric, the latter of the two looked at him with with a wide, sparkly eye, holding the piece of cloth as if it was made out of actual gold. While Ranboo cooed at him in Enderian while tracing the stitched letter in the corner, Tommy was really tempted to garble back at him to "fuck off" for calling him "a sweet boy", man, it's so weird that Ranboo is *old*.

Tommy tried his best to ignore the way his heart warmed when Michael wrapped it around his wrist immediately, or the way Ranboo tied around his head like a headband, *no*, he wasn't feeling validated or *loved*.

~~*When Ranboo wasn't looking, Tommy managed to slip a red bandana with the letter T stitched delicately in the corner, pretending it wasn't a little bit more neatly made than the other two.*~~

For Ghostby (*who was whining and clinging to the sleeve of his jacket as soon as he started giving out gifts to the other two*), he got two things, *fuck you*, he doesn't have favourites. A hastily, but well made beanie, the colour of it being a slate blue rather than maroon like Wil's *thinking about original Wilbur hurt*, ~~*Tommy knows he probably isn't being missed, he just hopes Wil is alright*~~, by the way the ghost's eyes lit up and he quickly stuffed it onto his head in such a rush he pulled it over his eyes, making the blonde snort as the brunette cursed.

The second gift, well....

*Tommy snorted as Ghostby pushed up the brim of his new beanie, looking at him with big, pupilless eyes and a small pout as Tommy laughed at him silently. "That's not all, though" The blonde continued, giving the ghost a fond look when he perked up "The other gift is a bit more... special, so get ready big man" he teased as he slowly pulled out a small, wrapped package out of his inventory. It's small and a bit heavy, and as he dropped it into the brunette's waiting palm, he couldn't help but feel a bit sad. He meant to return it to Tubbo, but he can't do that while he's here, and well, this world's Tubbo can't use it.*

*The blonde hid his mouth behind his bandana as Ghostby tore into the package, gently pulling out a palm sized, metal compass, the back of it having a single sentence of "Your Tommy" engraved into it, Tommy found it, blown up and barely ticking, halfway buried in the dirt only two days before he got transported here, and fixed it, meaning to give it to Tubbo for Christmas too, with a cheesy note chewing him out for being clumsy and losing it. And if his best friend can't use it now, then why not his brother?*

*Tommy smiled a little behind his bandana, eyes crinkling ever so slightly as his... brother looked at the compass curiously, turning it over in his fingers gingerly "This compass is real special," The blonde began, heart warming when the ghost looked at him with widened eyes "It points to wherever I am, at any time, so if I'm ever lost, you can find me." He spoke quietly for once, eyes softening when the ghost's eyes suddenly gained pupils, he..he must be really happy then, and prime, that's all Tommy could ask for.*

*He happily accepted the hug when Ghostby tackled him, not even minding that his back landed in the snow.*

Now there's only one gift left to give, Tommy smiled as he played with the bracelet Ranboo gave him as a gift, amethyst shimmering prettily around his wrist, something that made him happy, because the blonde knows of the Ender hybrids obsession of purple in his ender walk state, it means he's being protective of his... haunting, so to say, marking them to make sure people (*or at the very least other endermen*) know not to hurt him, while Michael gave him a handmade golden dagger, the hilt of it lined with nether quartz.

This also warmed Tommy's heart, knowing how precious gold is to both piglins and zombified piglins is, the teen might as well have killed Tommy with cuteness when he shyly told him the dagger reminds him of his hair. And well, Ghostby didn't have a gift for him, which is why the ghost isn't with him right now, apparently searching for "*the perfect thing in mind to get him*", feeling more assured to leave him alone now that he has the compass with him. It's getting dark right now, and he had to almost fight the father and son duo to let him walk back home alone.

Which might've been a mistake, because Tommy's pretty sure that he felt eyes on him at one point during his walk, but when he pulled out the axe of peace and checked around the area for any spies, he didn't even *hear* any shuffling or breathing signifying anyone was there. The blonde would brush it off as paranoia, but he knows his instincts aren't wrong, ever.

Which is why Tommy took the long, confusing way back to the base, through the thick foliage of the woods, and at some point, the feeling of eyes on his back faded.

~~*Too bad his hearing is damaged enough for him to not hear the beat of wings fading away the further he walked into the woods.*~~

Tommy lit up when he saw the hidden entrance of their base, swiftly making his way out of the bushes and towards the large mountain, faltering for a brief moment when he saw a figure burst out of the hidden hole, only to relax when he noticed it's Daydream.

Raising his arm to wave, an excited feeling rose up in his chest at the prospect of actually starting a decent relationship with the older man now that he... had more reasons to trust him, only to falter when he saw the quick, *agitated* steps Daydream was taking towards him. *Oh prime*, Daydream looks *mad*, and Tommy can already feel himself tensing up, panic and adrenaline welling up quickly, he waited until the other man marched up to him, telling himself he'll bolt if he tries anything, he's escaped him once, so he's not too worried about doing it again.

~~*Tommy's used to running when it comes to Dream.*~~

The man looked to be visibly holding himself back from grabbing the younger and picking him up, stopping only a foot away from him. "Where were you?!" He whisper-yelled, voice dripping with a large amount of worry and the slightest bit of anger, making Tommy flinch. The blonde can't really comprehend why he's *this* worried about him. Tommy can take care of himself, ~~*besides he doesn't deserve the care Daydream seems to have for him.*~~

The sandy haired man softened his tone when he saw Tommy flinch "I've been worried *sick*, Tommy. Why didn't you tell me where you went? Wil came back much sooner and said not to worry about you, but it's almost night time, *what the fuck?*"

An unimaginable amount of guilt filled the blonde and he looked down, tugging at the cuff of his sleeve, and gritting his teeth. *Fuck*, why is he getting so worked up over this, he's a big man, not some— fucking *pussy* who cries every time someone yells.

~~*Liar.*~~

Dream softened even further when Tommy clammed up, the blonde's eyes stuck looking at his shoes as the older man spoke gently, as if the slightest tone above a whisper would set the teen off, "I'm sorry for yelling, Toms—" The blonde teared up at the nickname "But you have to tell me when you're leaving, I was scared that you got hurt, I was worried that you—" The green clad man cut himself off, grimacing "I *care* about you, Tom, I want to be able to protect you and be there for you, but you won't let me, and I'm- I'm sorry if whatever I'm doing sets you off, just, please tell me when you leave next time..." He trailed off, hands twitching as if he was refraining from pulling the blonde into his arms.

"*Why?*" Tommy spoke, voice raspy and choked up as he held back tears, looking up at the older's mask, and if only the blonde knew how the sight of such a young face being so scarred up, eyes filled with tears and having such a lost look no child should have. It made the older man want to hide the smaller blonde from the world, to protect him from whatever hurt him, because *prime damn it*, this kid looks like he's been through hell. "What do you mean, Tommy?" He spoke gently, and the tone made the pale teen tear up more.

"Why are you so—" a small sob left the younger one's lips, and Daydream jolted "Why are you so nice to *me*? I don't- I don't *deserve*—" He sniffled, hunching over and furiously wiping away his tears with his sleeve, half blind eye stinging from the salty tears sliding down his scars and face.

"Oh Tommy..." the older man whispered, sounding heartbroken "Can I touch you? Hug you?" There was a moment of silence, where Tommy thought this might be a trick, but who cares, if it is a trick, the blonde is already fucked, there's no way he can fight his way out in this state, and he desperately wanted to hold someone.

When Tommy nodded, he was slowly enveloped by two warm arms and pressed against the older man's chest, feeling rough but gentle fingers carding through his hair slowly, the motion only made him sob more, staining the man's hoodie with his tears as he clung to him, "It's okay, you deserve to be treated kindly, Toms, you deserve to be cared for, okay?"

The soft words of affirmation would make him wail if he had any energy left.

Tommy hiccuped "I-I'm sorry, fuck— I've been so fucking shitty to you, A-and you've been so nice, all because you remind me of the same fuck w-who ruined my fucking life, and I know you'd-never blow up my shit or hit me or degrade me and I'm fucking- sorry for being so goddamn *pathetic*—" In the morning, Tommy will probably be mortified for literally crying himself out into Daydream's chest, but right now he doesn't care, he doesn't care that normally he's too prideful to cry, or to talk about his feelings, he doesn't care, not anymore.

The blonde felt the older man stiffen the more he babbled, and so he shut up, burying his face back into the older man's chest as he continued to run his hand through the teen's hair, carefully avoiding the slight bump on the back since the first time he brushed against it. "Toms, *Tommy*, it's okay, I don't blame you, I'm not mad, hun" The nickname just made him cry more, ~~*Wilbur called him that when he had nightmares*~~ "It's okay, I promise, I understand" And oh, Tommy missed this, he

missed the loving touch of someone who's like family, ever since he closed himself off he even shied away from *Tubbo*.

The blonde sniffled loudly "I'm- Hah, a fucking disaster..." The older of the two snorted, smiling gently behind his mask "We all are, sometimes" The masked man spoke quietly, making Tommy smile ever so slightly. "... you know, you're kinda like... an older brother" The blonde muttered quietly, lips quirking up when he felt the tall man stutter slightly, before hesitantly adding "Can we sleep on the couch? I think I wanna stay with you tonight."

Slowly, the green clad man pulled away, tilting his head down at the blonde, and for a moment he was scared he'd say no, but Daydream just chuckled "Of course, we can have some hot coco too, sounds good, Toms?"

It sounded absolutely wonderful.

However when Tommy opened his mouth to agree happily, he was interrupted by the sound of a twig snapping, the two guys snapped their heads in the direction of the noise, already summoning their weapons. Daydream taking a protective stance in front of the younger of the two, making the blonde huff, albeit now more fondly rather than annoyed, especially after the talk the two had.

"Who's there!" Daydream said, loud enough to be heard, but still quiet enough to not alert more people than them and whoever else was in the area, "Come out! We know you're here!"

For a minute, there was silence, and Daydream looked ready to march into the foliage after whatever made the noise, but then the rustling began, along with footsteps. The duo tensed up, weapons at the ready, the older of the two holding a hand out in front of the teen protectively, only to drop it in shock as he stared at who stepped out of the woods.

The axe of peace disappeared back into Tommy's inventory from his surprise, eyes digging holes into a familiar pair of glasses.

"...George?"

## Chapter End Notes

Tommy has a stalker, not clickbait

Also we introduce

Gogy

## Chapter 10 | Renaissance Man

### Chapter Summary

George's appearance doesn't seem to please Daydream, for whatever reason, and Tommy's really confused about it, they were stuck to each other like glue before his Dream went down to hell.

Oh, and Tommy might just die today, but what's new, right?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As soon as the name left Daydream's lips, the man in question grinned awkwardly, raising a hand to wave a little.

"Hey Dream... uh, long time no see?" George seemed to regret his choice of words as he cringed right after he said it. Tommy tensed up from the way the older man next to him bristled. He could practically feel the anger rising within the green beanpole, *who he finally managed to separate from his abuser and actually managed to make a bond with*. The young blonde hoped that George would survive this encounter, because *man*, Daydream looks pissed. And Tommy would know, he's the prime reason *his* Dream was angry almost all the time.

"I... " Daydream breathed out, his weapon slipping away from shaking fingers and dissolving back into his inventory. "What... What the fuck?! 'Long time no see'?! What's wrong with you?!" The green clad man yelled, voice rising in pitch with every word. "I haven't seen you in almost nine years! And that's all you have to say to me?! Fucking '*long time no see*'?!"

Tommy couldn't help but stare, eyes wide and mouth partially open as Daydream metaphorically tore into the brunette in front of him. Each word made the older brunette's face crumble like an old ceramic vase. Tommy thinks that Gogy looks an awful lot like a lost, kicked puppy, with his sad pout, rumpled, stained clothes, twigs and leaves stuck in his matted hair. Fucking Hell, what is it with half of the people here not taking care of themselves?

Tommy would forgive it if, *for example*, they didn't have any base, but Daydream has been with him for a month now and he didn't seem to be washing himself like, at all.

As Tommy watched his companion scold George like a mother would a small child, he made sure to ~~force~~ remind these two to shower later. Especially since he got a water system set up *a while* ago.

"Dream—" The brunette tried to speak up, only to wilt when the sandy haired man hissed out more venomous words. "Nine years! *Nine fucking years!* Do you have any idea how worried I was?! I thought you died! *Sapnap* thought you died!" Tommy jolted at the mention of the arsonist, he hasn't seen him yet, surprisingly enough. "We thought he got you! And you show up now?! When I was finally *over* your fucking disappearance! When I was finally *over* Sapnaps, too! What's next?! He's gonna come out right after you and act all buddy buddy too, *huh?*!"

Oh.

That explains why. Despite the black haired man killing Henry back home, he can't help but feel worried. Sapnap isn't that bad, hopefully he's not... *dead* or something.

George clenched his fists, opening his mouth to say something, before closing it again and deflating like a balloon after a failed party. "I..." The man sighed, "I'm sorry, Dream, can I just— I can explain everything, but not out here, I don't want *him* to find us like this, can we go into..." *The man dejectedly gestured towards their covered cave entrance, looking hopefully at Tommy's companion, but Daydream didn't look like he'd let the brunette in anytime soon.*

And it looks like Tommy's right, because the masked man beside him shakes his head angrily, breathing in deeply as if he's gonna screech at the poor Brit in front of him. So being the big man he is, the blonde cuts in to save the day, "Sure you can, Gog— Erm, Big G! Don't want to be unsafe out here, ey?" The blonde says, mustering up the best fake smile he can, ~~he's gotten very good at~~ #, holding back a snort at George's stunned expression, *as if he just noticed him standing behind DD*, and Daydream's surprised spluttering.

"Come on, let's go!" Tommy continued, grabbing his... *guardian's?* arm to drag him back inside their base, looking behind him to make sure the other Brit was following them.

"Tommy—" Daydream whisper shouted at him, voice coming out more hissy than he intended. "What are you doing— We can't just let him *in*—" Tommy hummed as he pulled back the vines covering the entrance of their ~~home~~ base, pulling the older behind him "Don't ignore me Tommy—" The older blonde continued, moving to cover the young teen from the brunette Brit's view as soon as he entered their foyer, probably glaring holes into him through his mask. The blonde can't help but feel bad for the older man, but he can't help but understand where Daydream is coming from. *9 years is a long time, after all.*

Still, Tommy knows misunderstandings happen, and while this probably isn't one, it looks like George has something to say, and prime Tommy knows how hard it is to apologize and explain yourself when the person is too stubborn to hear you out.

The blonde used to be a person like that, before all the shit in his life went down, and so he took it upon himself to make these two talk to each other, and maybe, fucking finally get some intell on who's terrorising the SMP and running around hunting people.

They stood there in awkward silence after they took off their shoes, before Daydream sighed, obviously irritated. "Fine, you can... stay here until the morning, I guess. And be quiet, our other housemate is sleeping." The sandy haired man said curtly, before turning around and gently ushering Tommy in front of him, protectively hovering right behind him until they reached the living room. George's footsteps seemingly made him more agitated as he basically manhandled Tommy into a blanket cocoon after the younger blonde sat on the sofa and took off his jacket.

The green clad man huffed, before gesturing for George to sit on the other sofa "Just... wait here, I'll go make something to drink " He said, turning around and fixing the brunette in the room with stare that could be felt through the slightly cracked porcelain mask "Don't try anything." The colour blind man let out an offended noise "I wouldn't—" "It's been a long time, George." Daydream interrupted, voice icy, making a small shiver go down Tommy's spine. "For all I know, you could've changed completely, just... I don't know why Tommy even offered to let you in, so don't blow it for yourself *again*." He grounded out, before turning around and marching into the kitchen.

Tommy watched him go, before turning to look at the dejected Brit in front of him. "So, I know it's not my place to ask, but what the fuck is going on between you two?" The blonde watched as the man in the blue shirt sighed and pulled off his glasses, brown eyes looking tired, with noticeable bags under them. Nothing too bad, like Tommy's or even Ranboo's, but still harshly visible against



the pale skin.

The older man looked at Tommy with a sort of familiarity, something that hasn't happened yet in this world, and Tommy's heart lurched with hope. Did this world's George actually recognize him? "It's a long story, just, we had a bad run in with *Black Death* and it... didn't go well."

And here he goes again, another person spouting something about this Black Death, when Tommy has no fucking idea who that even is. Opening his mouth to finally get an answer, only to shut it again with a small click as Daydream came back with two mugs of hot cocoa and a glass of water. He set the glass down particularly hard in front of Gogy, making the other two wince. DD really is pissed, then.

There's a stretch of awkward silence as soon as Daydream makes himself comfortable next to Tommy, nursing the mug in his hands after lifting his mask ever so slightly, just barely enough to see the tip of his lips and the slightest bit of his scars. Though he tilts his head in a way that George can't see, and *ouch*, that must hurt. Tommy distinctly remembers that the only people who actually saw how **Dream** looks like are him, Sapnap, George and probably Quackity (~~with how often the Mexican comes to torture him, it's no surprise that he's seen his face~~). Tommy proceeds to sip his cocoa quietly as he looks between the two men, waiting to see who's gonna say something first, but the minutes stretch on and they're both just looking away from each other. George looks like he's ready to just give up, and the blonde can tell DD is still pissed off, so again, he takes things into his own hands and finally decides to ask.

"Alright bitches, Will someone finally tell me who or what the fuck is Black Death, and why are they running around terrorising everyone into hiding?"

Well, that was certainly the right thing to say, if the way Daydream almost choked on his coco was something to go by. The blonde patted the spluttering man on the back until he composed himself enough to say, "I— you don't *know*? Why didn't you say anything?" The sandy haired man sounded so bewildered that George snickered, which DD seemed to pointedly ignore as Tommy huffed, "Well of course I don't know, I don't even know how I fucking got here, dickhead!"

His guardian winced, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly, "Right, sorry, um—" DD cleared his throat, "We don't really know his real name, he keeps to himself and we really only know his alias because of how he looks," Tommy raised an eyebrow at that, before George spoke up, "I know it sounds weird, but there's not many Avians out there, especially with the wings he has."

Tommy felt his heart freeze, and his eyes widened.

"They're one of the reasons they call him the angel of death, I suppose." Daydream muttered darkly, unaware of the dread exploding inside of the young teen's mind, because *what the fuck*.

Angel of death, Philza, his fucking estranged dad is running around murdering people for some fucking reason?

Tommy felt himself go very pale, and flinched harshly when DD touched his shoulder. The man in question jolted a little when Tommy jerked away from him "Sorry, but— are you okay? You've gone all white..." The older man murmured concerned, but all Tommy could feel was panic and dread and *why is everything always going to shit, oh my fucking prime*.

"Y-yeah I'm, I'm all good, don't worry big D, I think I'm— I think I'm gonna go to bed," He rushed to say, setting down his half empty mug with a loud thump, making both of the older men jump. Before either of them could say anything, Tommy got up and fled down the stairs to the other floor, mind racing even faster than his legs did, because *what the actual fuck!* Tommy knows Phil

isn't innocent, but he doesn't kill people for no reason!

~~Phil killed Wilbur because Wilbur begged him to. Phil blew up L'manburg because of Techno and because he thought that's what Wilbur would want. But he'd never kill people for nothing, what's going on?~~

Tommy stopped in front of his door, breath caught in his throat as he leaned against it. His mind is full of questions and has little to no answers, feeling like absolute shit after a reveal like *that*. He resisted the urge to slide down the door and just scream into his hands. The blonde slowly trudged down the hallway and summoned the scarf he knitted last night for Daydream, setting it down in front of the door with a small note, before making his way back to his room and shutting the door behind him. For once, it seemed like Ghostby was actually in his own room, but it seems he left him the gift he was claiming to get on his nightstand.

The blonde teen sat down on his bed. His mind stopped it's overthinking for a moment as he admired the flower crown left on his desk.

*It's a pretty thing*, he mused. Made out of poppies, the red matching his sweater nicely, and glowing ever so slightly, looking like they've been *enchanted*. The teen furrows his eyebrows as he inspects it, how does one enchant flowers? And how the fuck did his brother manage to—nevermind, he can ask him tomorrow. Smiling, Tommy sets the circle back down, deciding to wear it tomorrow when he goes out to gather some more wood for their basement.

Sighing, the blonde laid down, doing his best not to think about his alternative murderous father.

~~Of course, that doesn't work, and so Tommy is plagued by nightmares of fire, tnt and screaming citizens. His home is burning and he can't help but blame himself.~~

---

The next day, Tommy woke up feeling like shit from his nightmares, *but what's new*, he thinks as he makes his way into the woods after leaving Daydream a note, a cheerful ghost and a bouncing lamb marching alongside him.

Ghostby seemed overjoyed when he came out of his room wearing the flower crown, squealing like a little kid as he followed him up the stairs with Buddy secured in his arms, babbling about how he went all the way to a flower biome and then a village to enchant the flowers (*Which are apparently enchanted with Unwilling? Tommy didn't even know that was a thing*), and how he knew how much Tommy likes red from all the complaining he does when Ghostby stains his clothes blue. (*And it's not just his clothes, it's his hair and face and hands too, his brother is very clingy and affectionate, but Tommy doesn't mind, because it's Wilby.*)

By the time they finish talking they make it to a wooded area far enough to not seem suspicious if they cut down wood. Tommy has managed to push the thought of *Killza Minecraft* to the back of his head and focus on the task ahead. Of course, that immediately goes out the window when he hears a Ghostby let out a loud gasp. Spinning around and already summoning the axe of peace for protection, Tommy's eyes widen when he sees just what startled Ghostby.

Or rather, *Who*.

A few feet away from him, a figure stood just below the trees, casting a large shadow with his wings. His clothes weren't the usual green kimono, and he didn't have his goofy bucket hat Tommy saved up to buy him for his birthday by running around and doing his brothers chores when he was six years old. Instead he wore a black, short sleeved kimono, with a purple undershirt and purple cloak. His hair barely peeking out from under the purple hood, and he was holding a fucking

scythe.

*What the fuck.*

The figure stared at them in silence before raising one hand up and lowering his hood, staring at both of them with deep blue eyes. Eyes flickering from Ghostby (*who stared at the figure in shock, quickly gravitating towards Tommy and clutching onto his arm*) to Tommy every few seconds, and Tommy couldn't help but gulp at the intense stare.

Of course, Philza Psycho Minecraft had to be out at the same time as them, *fantastic*.

And from the way he's looking at them, Tommy doesn't really know in what way they're fucked, but they're *fucked*.

*Prime help him.*

## Chapter End Notes

Haha Black Death pog I think 90% of us saw this coming.

Also George and Dream angst lore? :(

## Chapter 11 | The Crow's Lament

### Chapter Summary

Phil was like his *dad*. Techno was a cool older brother, and Wilbur was his *Wilby*.

And then Phil left, and took Techno with him, and Wilbur started slipping and everything went wrong, and when his dad came back, he made it the opposite of "making things better"

Will other Phil just make the situation worse? *probably*.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The last time Tommy felt like it'd be better off if the ground just swallowed him whole was when he first met Daydream, and he thought there couldn't possibly be anything worse than that since. But apparently, even big men like Tommyinnit can be wrong sometimes, because as soon as he saw ~~his dad~~ Phil and his ominously glowing sapphire blue eyes, it felt like he was doused in a bucket of ice cold water and then hit over the head with said bucket, but maybe it's just the oncoming migraine talking.

The older man was looking between Tommy and Ghostby silently, posture calm and composed as if he wasn't holding a giant scythe in his hands. '*Angel of Death? More like the fucking grim reaper*', Tommy thought to himself, taking a step forward and pushing his ghost brother behind him protectively, for once the grey skinned teen didn't protest, only grasping the back of the younger blonde's jacket tightly and burying his face into Tommy's hair. Tommy could even feel the brunette trembling from the close proximity.

Tommy bristled when he saw Phil stare pointedly at the brown haired mess of hair sticking up from behind Tommy's head. *Fuck him, who was he to scare Wil like that?* The blonde crossed his arms and practically hissed at the man threatening his family. "Hey *fucker*." Phil's eyes snapped back to look into Tommy's faded blue ones, "Quit staring at my *brother* like a *freak*," Adrenaline was coursing through his body, Tommy doesn't give a fuck about himself, if Phil is scaring Wil, or prime forbid tries to hurt him, he's not afraid to throw away all self preservation and fight the old bird fuck. Apparently, saying that brought a reaction Tommy didn't expect from the older blonde, who's face showed shock at the teens loud voice. Though he couldn't figure out why he'd be surprised, if there's a *Tommy here in this world, he's probably just as loud as him*.

~~*Well, doesn't that prove your theory of there not being one here at all?*~~

Tommy almost choked on his own spit when the winged man put away his scythe, the sharp weapon turning to dust as it disappeared back into the old bitch's inventory. The ash blonde smiled at the two teens, the smile looking unfamiliar on the Avian's face because of all the faint frown lines he has. "Sorry mate," The old man said, having the audacity to look Tommy up and down , probably assessing him to see if he's a threat or something, "I thought you were... *someone else*," The younger of the two held back a snarl when he heard Ghostby whimper ever so slightly. Tommy never wanted to punch Phil so much in his entire existence.

There was a moment of awkward silence, before the birdman cleared his throat, "My name's Philza, are—" He paused, looking at Tommy meaningfully, "You said you're Wilbur's brother?" The Avian asked, wings ruffling behind him as he looked at the mop of brown hair behind Tommy, who seemed to be trying his best at becoming one with the blonde's jacket. Tommy sneered, "Yeah, got a problem with that, *Prickza*?" If Phil was offended by the mockery of his name, he didn't show it, his eyes actually softening even more at how defensive the tall blonde was being, some sort of weird understanding expression appearing on his face. His wings puffed up a little bit, fluttering behind him, and Tommy knew from the movement that Phil was holding back a weird bird coo or chirping sound.

Tommy's hand twitched, suppressing the urge to summon a weapon when Philza stepped closer to them, eyes narrowing at the approaching avian. "I don't," He reassured, tilting his head and smiling at the young teen, "It's just that, Wilbur here is my son," *'Yeah, no shit'*, Tommy's mind hissed as he tried to look surprised at the news *some dad you were to both him and me*, "I didn't know he..." The older blonde trailed off "Took you in, what's your name mate?" Phil asked, a pleasant smile that made Tommy's insides clench with sadness. A kind of longing for the things he had when Wilbur first brought him home from the streets as a small scrappy child hiding from a bunch of scientists, with nothing but a large blue gown and a wristband with his code on it to his name. Back then, Wilbur, Techno and Phil were his *home*. Phil was like his *dad*. Techno was a cool older brother, and Wilbur was his *Wilby*.

And then Phil left, and took Techno with him, and Wilbur started slipping and everything went wrong.

In the end, Phil took away the thing that brought his youngest to him in the first place. Tommy's entire world was taken away by someone he once loved with all his heart.

Phil took away Wilbur, and Tommy never really forgave him for it. Even though Wil went off the rails and blew up their L'manburg, Wil was still his reason for even being alive, for being the person he was in the end, and with him gone Tommy felt like his entire family just... left him, because why would they stick with him if there was no Wilbur to keep them around?

Which is exactly why Tommy just frowned at the grim reaper looking fuck "Why would I fucking tell you, you look sketchy as fuck, and Wil..." Tommy stopped for a moment, before swallowing his pride, it'd make Ghostby feel better, "*Wilby* looks ready to fucking bolt from you, are you seriously his dad? You don't look like it," The blonde took a deep breath, before taking a few steps back from the now pensive looking avian, keeping a hold on the trembling ghost behind him. "I think we're just gonna go, it's getting late, you know?" It really isn't, it's barely even noon, but Tommy doesn't want Ghostby to be around Killza for longer than he has to, "We got big man shit to do."

Just as Tommy was ready to throw his brother over his shoulder and fucking bolt, Phil lurched forward, "Wait!" The older blonde sounded *panicked*, which made both Ghostby and Tommy freeze. "It's— It's going to rain any minute, why don't you two come with me to my house? Just... just until the storm is over," The angel of death continued, looking at the scarred teen pleadingly, "Please?"

Tommy scowled, "As if."

Looking at Phil in the eyes to tell him to piss off, immediately tensing when the Angel's eyes darkened, legs already ready to run. Unfortunately, he didn't expect to get hit in the face with a potion. Screeching, the blonde clawed at his face, immediately noticing his sudden sluggishness and nausea, barely noticing the screaming of his brother over the ringing in his ears, before it too

quieted. Beside himself with worry, the blonde tried to open his eyes, hissing as pain exploded in his head, falling forward and clutching the side of his head as he fought against the clutches of unconsciousness.

Tommy could barely muster up the urge to weakly try and shove away the arms that slowly pulled him into a princess carry, already knowing who it was, because there's no way Ghostby would be able to fight off *Phil*. *Especially in the state that he was in barely a minute ago*. The blonde could only think to himself that this is how he's going to die, *again*, by a bootleg Philza, who apparently goes around killing people for some fucking reason, just like his brother.

As his mind slips into darkness, he wonders if he'll get a sword through the heart, too.

~~*He passed out, barely being able to catch his brothers angry, scared voice and Philza's soft coos as he rubbed the back of Tommy's head gently.*~~

---

Tommy came to slowly, slipping into the real world after who knows how long of being asleep. The first thing he registered were soft sheets and pillows under him, along with a soft weight behind him, wrapping around his front and nesting against his shoulder. *'That must be Ghostby'*, The blonde concluded sleepily, noting the slightly cold feeling the figure emitted, before he opened his eyes and groaned, blinking and looking around the room wearily. Huh, he doesn't remember his room having wallpaper... *wait, hold the fuck up, this isn't his room.*

The blonde shot up, eyes almost bugging out of his head, before spinning around to look down at the now groaning figure of his brother. Tommy lunged forward, grabbing the brunette by his shoulders and shaking him "Wil!" He hissed quietly, eyes looking over the ghost's face to check for any injuries. If he didn't know ghosts were capable of dying, maybe he wouldn't be so worried, but he can't risk anything now, "Will, Are you okay?!" The ghost blinked blearily, before his pure white eyes suddenly gained pupils, "Toms!" The ghost exclaimed loudly, making Tommy wince. "You're okay!— I thought— He said it's harmless but you weren't waking up and—" The older teen teared up, smoke rising from the corners of his eyes, "I was so worried!" Before throwing himself at the blonde, making him land back on the soft bedding with a small *"omph!"*

Well, his brother is physically okay, at least. Sitting up, Tommy patted the ghost on the back while humming reassuringly, "I'm okay" He confirmed, "Just a bit sore, nausea potions always fuck me up, I guess my system just doesn't like 'em." Tommy explained gently, before looking around the room, it... it looked a lot like Wilbur's old room, except it was expanded, and— *why the fuck are there two beds?* Wait, why are they on the floor if there's—

*Oh*. Tommy thought blankly as he stared at the circle of blankets and pillows and plushies and even clothes they were sleeping on. *That's why.*

Ghostby followed his gaze and frowned as well, "Sorry, da— *Phil* made us a nest for some reason, we must've set off his instincts more than I thought we would." Tommy suddenly realized that, *they're still in Murder Philza's Murder house*, and where there's Philza, there's usually *Technoblade*. Tommy doubts that this changes just because he hopped universes or something, and well, Tommy really doesn't wanna deal with *that* father-son duo, not now, not ever.

The blonde scrambled out of the nest, pushing away the memories of his own Phil nesting and sometimes even forcefully putting them in the nest for cuddles when they were being fussy. "Wil— We've gotta leave, we can't stay here—" Looking back at Ghostby, Tommy wasn't surprised to see that the ghost didn't even look hesitant as he nodded. Floating over and grabbing onto Tommy's sleeve, "Yeah... I know, come on, I— I think I remember where the backdoor is. I don't know if da— ... Phil's home, he didn't leave the room until I passed out with you, I think."

*Tommy refrained from commenting about how creepy that is.*

Instead of that, he nodded, before carefully trotting over to the door and pulling the doorknob, which, to his surprise, opened the door. Guess Phil was too stupid to lock them in.

As they carefully walked down the hall, Tommy noted, with a tight feeling in his heart, that this house looks exactly like their childhood home did, except for the addition of his room in the hall. ~~*Guess they didn't need him for the family to fall apart.*~~ Before he could go too deeply into his self-deprecating thoughts, he heard an uncomfortably familiar voice arguing with Phil downstairs.

"Dad, you can't just— kidnap and adopt a random kid just because they're the 'Golden one'. That's some weird prophecy stuff, Phil." *Fucking Hell, that's Technoblade, he was fucking right.* Walking down the stairs as quickly and quietly as possible, he was able to pinpoint that the voices were coming from the living room. Luckily that's away from the kitchen and therefore the backdoor, if this house has the exact same floor plan as his childhood home, they're gonna have to climb a fence, but that's fine.

"Tech, he called Wilbur his *brother*, and you know how *she* always talked about the golden child so fondly, I couldn't just leave him there! Plus he's just... he feels so *familiar*, like he's my chick, but I've never met him—" Blood roared in his ears as the teen duo snuck past the living room door, going slowly but steadily towards the kitchen "I— okay, you've got a point, he does feel really familiar for some reason." Techno admitted, and Tommy's heart lurched, what the fuck does that mean? Everyone keeps saying that but nobody recognizes him or even his *name*.

Walking through the kitchen door has never felt so relieving, Tommy couldn't help but think, as he sped up and pulled open the backdoor.

*Why the fuck do they keep their doors unlocked, are they that overconfident?*

Quickly running out to the backyard while pulling Ghostby behind him, only to jerk to a stop when the ghost stopped moving with him.

Turning around in a panic, the blonde froze when he followed the brunette's line of sight.

There, on the left side of the fence, were *graves*, nestled next to each other way too comfortably for the grim sight. Many bouquets of flowers and little items surrounded them, but the one with the most decorations was the one that jarred him the most.

There, engraved neatly into the stone, was something that would send a chill down the young man's spine till the end of his days.

*'R.I.P. Wilbur Soot, 1996-2013 A loving son and brother'*

One thing the grave shared with all the others was the quote under the name and year.

*'For the greater good'*

As he stared at the graves with wide eyes, Tommy saw his brother turning to look at him with blank eyes from his peripheral vision.

"Tommy... " Ghostby began, voice echoey and *empty*, "I... I remember how I died."

Tommy's heart dropped to his stomach, nonono, why, why again why is it always—

***Do it Phil.***

*"I... Phil killed me, Tommy"*

***Kill me Phil!***

*"I begged him to stop but he didn't! He just said he's sorry and— and slashed me with an axe! I— he chased me down and took all my lives!"*

***I— you're my son!***

*"Why did dad kill me?!"*

***Killza Killza Killza Killza Killza***

*"What did I do wrong?!"*

***I don't know, I'm sorry Wilby, I'm sorry, I wish I knew.***

---

*"Ranboo, please, have you seen Tommy or Wil?" The sandy haired man's hands shook as looked at the Enderman hybrid pleadingly through his mask, praying that Tommy just lost track of time and was messing around with Michael. The pit in his stomach grew when he saw Ranboo's concerned gaze turn stony after a few moments. "Why?" The tall hybrid asked, looking down at the green clad man, and Daydream wanted to cry, couldn't he see it wasn't the time to be suspicious?! His kid and his brother are fucking missing! "Ranboo, **please.**" He pleaded, a little bit of hope rising in his chest when Ranboo faltered, only for it to flicker out when the Enderman shook his head, making him hang his head, "I don't know where they are, I'm sorry," The heterochromatic man said sincerely, "I'll look around for them, in case they went missing, but... "*

*Daydream looked up, "If they took off, maybe it'll be better to leave them alone. You know you're a danger to them with how much of a target you are to Black Death." Before he could say anything, Ranboo spun around, before calling over his shoulder, "I'll message you if I find them, goodnight Dream." And with that, he walked off into the forest.*

*Dream stood there for a long time, jerking away when he heard George step up behind him and try to touch his shoulder. Glaring at the man who looked at him with a forlorn expression. The tall man sighed before motioning for George to follow, which he did as soon as DD began to walk.*

*"Listen." Daydream began, "I'm still pissed off at you, a lot, but— I care too much about Tommy and Ghost Boy to just leave them out there. If you come with me we might be able to work something out," He saw George begin to open his mouth, "If not, then you can **piss the fuck off and never talk to me again.**" The brunette shut his mouth with a click, before nodding.*

*Prime, he hopes they're okay.*

*He'd never forgive himself if Tommy died like his mom did for him.*

## Chapter End Notes

Killza Minecraft's murderhouse, fun for the entire family, technically not a lie.

Also my editor wanted me to tell you he went apeshit over the Daydream POV



because he's a fucking simp .

## Chapter 12 | Birds of a Feather (Flock Together)

### Chapter Summary

Tommy stares at Philza in poorly concealed disbelief and horror, he's absolutely bonkers, he can't actually be serious, can he?

*Bloody Hell, He's absolutely serious*

Meanwhile, Daydream continues his search.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They say there are five stages of grief, and right now it feels like Tommy is going through all of them at once. At first, there was the familiar creeping sense of denial, *because surely this couldn't be happening*. Then there was burning anger, because what the fuck?! Why would Phil do this?! Then he bargained, because as much as he hates ~~his dad~~ him, this must be a misunderstanding, right? Then a crushing sadness flowed through him, *because this shit always happens to him, and then....*

Acceptance, *because what else did he expect?*

A sort of resigned hopelessness filled the blonde as he stared at the rows of graves, numbly noting that there were many more people dead in this universe than in his own.

*Punz, Antfrost, Bad, Hannah, Schlatt, Wilbur...*

***Puffy.***

Angry tears filled the young boy's eyes, staring in disbelief at the grave that had many peonies and lilies stacked around it. *Puffy? Why her? What did she do to deserve this?*

***Despite this not being his Puffy, the anger and grief he felt was immeasurable, the captain was like a mother to him, a parent figure he never had ever since Phil decided he and Wilbur weren't worth his time, seeing her grave made him...***

Tommy was so deep in his shock he barely registered the quiet sobs of Ghostby, who was brokenly clutching onto the back of the blonde's jacket while wiping his face, his normally pupilless orbs now having deep blue irises in them, skin sizzling and steaming from the tears dripping down his face, the ghost seemed just as worked up as his little brother, only more grief stricken rather than frozen in disbelief.

Unfortunately, this meant that the duo was too distracted to notice that someone had noticed their sudden disappearance from the makeshift nest in the house. Tommy was snapped out of his stupor by the sound of the backdoor slamming against the wall.

The grief-stricken duo whipped around, eyes wide as they stared at the looming figures in the doorway. Well, more like a wild faced Philza with his wings raised and a reluctant Technoblade, who looked like he just wanted to get back inside and not deal with whatever is going on right now. Tommy bristled, staring at Phil with bugged out eyes as the old avian started advancing onto them at an alarming speed. *Fuck, I guess time to run.*

Tommy didn't hesitate, he picked up his ghost brother and proceeded to chuck him over the fence, wincing internally at the startled yelp as the ghost safely floated over the wooden wall, before quickly scrambling to climb over it.

Of course, life hates TommyInnit, so he kind of expected it when two arms looped under his shoulder and tugged him off the fence. The blonde screeched, kicking his feet wildly and straining against the arms of his captor, knowing from the size of them that it's Phil Holding him, but no matter how much he shoved, he couldn't get the bird to let go! Prime, his Phil wasn't this strong without a weapon, what is wrong with this world?!

~~*He firmly ignores the fact that he's been weaker after death.*~~

There's a lot of things happening at once, Tommy's pretty sure he can hear Ghostby screaming and even trying to wrench him away from Phil, but then fucking Techno finally decides to move and do something. If Tommy wasn't so fucking angry, he'd be wailing at the close proximity of not-his-disowned-family. The blonde could only watch helplessly as he was dragged back indoors, eyes following the figure of his brother as he still tried to tug him out of his father's arms, but to no avail.

He tries his best to elbow at least one of his captors, but the blonde is restricted in such a way he can't do much but kick his legs. Well, at the very least until DumbShitBlade grabbed both of his legs with a disgruntled expression on his face, making both Tommy and Ghostby screech at him in protest

*"Let him go!-"*

*"GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!-"*

Alas, Techno didn't let go, and the duo ended up right where they started, only this time they had *company*.

*Wonderful.*

The estranged family of four sat in the large makeshift nest silently, Tommy almost sat in Ghostby's lap from how protective the ghost was being, not that Tommy minded, the close proximity means that he can keep his brother safe better. The youngest of the four was glaring at their *kidnappers* fiercely, but to his dismay, only Technoblade looked the slightest bit apologetic, while Phil looked real fucking pleased with himself, probably because he managed to tuck them back into the nest.

Nobody really said anything, so Tommy took the time to observe his older brother. Techno didn't look too different, though he did have considerably less scars, and his hair was definitely shorter than his Techno's. No longer were the light pink locks in a long, thick braid, but it was cut short at collarbone length, a small braid coming off at the side. His clothes were still relatively the same, a fancy white dress shirt, black pants and a ton of gold jewelry though the red cape made of the warmest material Tommy had the pleasure of feeling was missing.

~~*He misses snuggling into Techno's Cape.*~~

Tommy shook his head, now's not the time for wishful thinking, he wanted answers, why the fuck did Phil drag him here? Because Ghostby wouldn't leave him alone? But then what about that weird conversation they overheard when they were sneaking past the kitchen? What kind of bullshit prophecy would possess Phil kidnap him? So many things here just *don't make sense, and Tommy's fucking tired of it.*

"So." He spoke up, doing his best to mask the grimace that showed up on his face when Phil perked up at the sound of his voice "Why did you kidnap us?" Tommy began, voice harsh as he glared at the duo in front of them, leaning his head against his brothers shoulder as the older teen squeezed him against his chest "Better yet, why do you have a fucking graveyard in your back garden? Full of the people you murdered?" He's got to give Phil some credit, because the older blonde doesn't look very surprised that the duo knows, and neither does Techno, though the piglin hybrid looks increasingly more and more uncomfortable with the conversation.

Philza sighed, and looked at Tommy with eyes that made the blonde's stomach clench in longing, the look being so soft it made him want to cry "It's...complicated, mate" he began, wincing when he was elbowed in the gut by Techno, who gave him a stern look that basically screamed '*Don't beat around the bush.*' The father and son duo stared at each other for a while, making both Tommy and Ghostby shift in place uneasily, before the ash haired blonde relented and looked back at them with resignation.

"I'm not a normal avian, as I'm sure you know" the older blonde began, and Tommy had to hold back a snort, because *duh* "A long time ago, when I met her" a dreamy look entered Phil's eyes, and Tommy had a feeling he knew who he meant "I was just a crow hybrid, but **she**...well, she appeared to me as a mortal woman, and we became quite close, but as time marched on, I aged, and she didn't, of course, I found this strange, but I loved her and didn't question her, she'd tell me if she wanted to" the angel continued, a soft smile displayed on his lips "When I was on my deathbed...She revealed to me what she was, a goddess, guardian of the dead" He explained, and suddenly, Tommy remembered the warm feeling of being enveloped by giant wings and soft purple fabric smelling of lilies and lavender while he was on the threshold of life and death "She gave me a choice, stay with her forever or pass on peacefully to be reborn."

Phil continued, not knowing of Tommy's sudden epiphany "Of course I chose to stay by her side, even if it meant giving up my chance to pass on peacefully, I loved her too much to just...die and wait for her again" the ashy blonde explained, wings ruffling as he recalled the the fond moments with his wife "I became her angel, a servant if you will, but to her I was and always will be a husband and companion." The blissful expression slipped away from Phil's face "Many years later, I adopted Techno and Wil, but...."

Tommy tensed up, by the way Ghostby buried his head into Tommy's hair, he has a feeling he knows where this is going "Kristin often spoke of other worlds, while she is this world's death god, in other universes there are other ones, some are the same, some are different" he elaborated "but they all have the ability to peek into other worlds, and..." Phil looked up suddenly, fixing Tommy with an intense look "That's where saw where this universe was going to end up, in shambles because of the people living in it, disrupting other people's lives with their wars and hunger for power" Tommy's heart dropped to his stomach, disbelief slowly filling his entire being, he couldn't be serious "She was so distressed, she pleaded with me to help her prevent the chaos that was brewing in the world while she consulted the other gods of this realm to find a solution, and so I took her words to heart."

*He's absolutely serious, what the fuck.*

Phil didn't even register the golden haired teens stare, and pointedly ignoring the shaking head of

Technoblade, who seemed to at the very least not be in on this madness, as he continued to rant "There's, however, one crucial difference in this world from the one she viewed" the old man continued as if he didn't just drop a giant bomb onto the blonde "This world doesn't have the child of the prophecy, ...or well, it didn't." And with that, Phil looked at Tommy with that prime damned soft and caring smile "She spoke of you so fondly, it always made me want to meet you, but...no matter how much I looked, I could never find you, and..Kristin didn't give me false hope, she told me right away that you weren't ever born here, but I was in denial, I wanted to raise the baby she spoke of so enthusiastically..I wanted to hold the boy who was destined to bring sun and warmth into the universe, and to make the world a better place, *I wanted to meet you so badly, little chickadee.*" the angel whispered, making the blonde press against Ghostby, making the ghost hold him tighter, Tommy was glad for that, because it grounded him in the middle of whatever the fuck this situation is supposed to be.

"Unfortunately." Phil continued, eyes hardening "A bit after my first successful ...*elimination*" Ghostby shivered behind him, nuzzling against his blonde hair as if to comfort himself "My mindlink with Kristin was cut, I cannot access the void or even communicate with her." The man in black looked devastated, and this was the first time Technoblade looked sympathetic towards their his father, momentarily losing the uncomfortable expression to look down at his knees sadly "So I intend to finish my duty and cleanse this world, for a better future."

*A better future .*

*A better future with his dead son, a better future where Puffy is dead, a better future where the server is picked off one by one, a better future where Tubbo is comatose.*

The anger filling the blonde was raging hot, blood flowing through his veins as if it was lava, lips pulling back into a sneer as he looked at this...this *monster*.

"You're fucking shit, you know that, right?" He said lowly, not even blinking at the small flinch Philza gave "You say it's for the greater good, but have you tried a more peaceful way of going at things? Or at the very least, you know, not murdering people in cold blood so they don't cause problems?!" He hissed, ignoring how familiar that sentence felt, because didn't Dream do that to him? Contain him and kill him so that he doesn't cause issues? "That's not right, that's- that's- you killed *Wilbur*Phil, that's not a good thing, that's your fucking **SON!**"

He was so angry, he pulled away from Ghostby and marched right up to Black Death, ignoring the squeaky "*Tommy!*" coming from behind him "You think- you think this is gonna fix anything?! You'll- you're just destroying everyone! Not just by death, but also their relationships! People are in shambles! *The server is in shambles!*" Before he knew it, he lunged, only to be tugged by two strong arms.

*Technoblade.*

Tommy screeched "*Let me go, pig bitch!*" there was an indignant grunt behind him, but he didn't pay that any mind, rage filled gaze trained onto Phil's sad looking face "I'm gonna fuckIng- I'll break your fucking nose!" He snarled, straining against the pinkettes arms. Phil shook his head slowly "You'll understand soon, chickadee..." he trailed off, before looking between him, Techno and Ghostby "I'll leave you be for now, please look after Starling and Chickadee, Robin, okay?" From the firm nod he felt behind him, he's going to assume Robin is Techno and Wilby is Starling. The retreating figure of the older blonde only enraged him more, making him kick and scream like a maniac "BLOODY COWARD! COME BACK! YOU FUCKING BITCH!"

It took him a full ten minutes to stop screeching, throat sore and mind numb and strangely sad after the angry outburst. Only then did Techno let him go, and Tommy couldn't help but collapse against

Ghostby's chest when the ghost tugged him back into the nest.

Tommy sniffled quietly, he didn't want to be here, he wanted his cave house and Buddy and Daydream.

*Prime, Daydream, please don't come look for us. Tommy thought silently, fearfully He'll kill you on sight from what I've heard, please just stay away*

---

*It's been hours.*

*Slowly, more and more fear crept into the sandy blonde's mind, footsteps getting bigger and more erratic as he tried his best to spot any sort of clue as to where his boys went. Prime, he's so scared, he's gotten really attached to them, he cares for them, and while he may not have as strong of a bond with ghost boy, he's terrified of losing them both. Tommy's like his...like his little brother, or even son, and Ghostby is like Tommy's brother, and by extension Daydream's, too. He feels like he's going to lose his prime damned mind.*

*George certainly isn't helping.*

*He hasn't seen him in years, and George keeps trying to cheer him up like he used to back then, Daydream hasn't forgotten their banter, the hugs and the soft moments they had. He hasn't forgotten their friendship, but he can't, won't let himself be like that again. At least not until he finds his kids again.*

*Speaking of George....*

*"ream! Dream!-" he finally registered the brunette calling to him, and as he turned around to snap at him for distracting him, his mouth dried.*

*George was jogging towards him, a small blue lamb bounding after him, a very familiar blue lamb, a blue lamb holding a purple bracelet in its mouth.*

*Wil's sheep with Tommy's bracelet from Ranboo.*

*They've got their first lead, and Daydream's got a sinking feeling that he knows where his kids are.*

*Prime, he hopes they're still alive, please.*

*He's not sure if Ghost boy can die, but he doesn't want him to.*

*And Tommy?*

*If something happens to Tommy, Daydream will have the angels head on a pike.*

## Chapter End Notes

This was edited by hastily so sorry if there's any mistakes!!

## Chapter 13 | You Are My Sunshine

### Chapter Summary

Tommy's not sure how to feel about the fact that he's getting used to living in this house, with the same people who wouldn't even look at him now back home.

He wonders how Daydream is doing.

Meanwhile, Dream is having a panic attack.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*It's so cold, is the first thing that crawls on the edge of Tommy's thoughts as he shivered. His eyes squeezed shut as he tried his best to preserve all the warmth by hugging himself, but of course, he isn't exactly fate's favourite plaything for nothing, and so he remained cold, in fact, this chill feels **oddly** familiar to the blonde.*

*He shuddered, mind already reeling at the possibility of being back in **there**, because there's no fucking way. But when he opened his eyes, his vision was still pitch black.*

*No.*

***Not again.***

*Why is he back here? He was— did they kill him in his **sleep**?!*

*The blonde turned wildly, eyes desperately searching for any sort of colour that wasn't black, but there was nothing. No sun, no grass, no houses, no sky, only darkness and the horrid cold.*

*Worst of all? There's no one here. No Wilbur, no Schlatt, nobody to comfort or taunt him.*

*The golden haired boy gags, panic and desperation crawling through his veins as he shut his eyes again, desperately trying to block out the cold by curling in on himself. **It didn't work, of course it didn't.** Tommy let out a choked sob, arms straining from the force of his death grip, only to flinch back in shock when a voice spoke up all of the sudden.*

***"You're not supposed to be here."***

*Tommy's eyes shot open, and he lurched forward wildly, blue orbs straight straight at the very familiar face in front of him. He opened and closed his mouth a few times as he stared at the short brunette, before uttering out a soft, **"Tubbo?"**.*

*The short ram hybrid didn't look shocked at all. Head tilting as he gazed at the blond, his friends eyes had a milky film over them and his skin was covered by an endless amount of radiation burns, and with that Tommy knew he wound up in this world's limbo.*

*But how? Tubbo's not dead! He's hooked up on life support! He's—*

*Tommy stopped short, realization dawning onto him suddenly. His gaze turned angry, but before he could say, 'You're not real, are you?', he was stopped, this time by an overwhelmingly strong, but familiar presence. He didn't catch much when he looked up, only big glowing eyes and a large hat with a veil.*

*And then...*

---

Tommy's eyes snapped open as he shot up in the nested bed, gasping and clutching his chest as he stared straight ahead at the pale yellow wall, *not daring to blink in fear of appearing back in the darkness of the void.* It's been so long since he's had nightmares involving that place, but it's probably because of the prolonged stay at the father-son duo's house. As Phil promised, they didn't hurt either him or Ghostby, but that didn't mean Tommy didn't try to escape. He did *NOT* want to be here, no thank you, and it was obvious that his brother didn't want to hang around either, not that the blonde could blame him after the traumatic experience of reliving his own death.

The teen sighed shakily, one hand raising up from his chest to run itself through his hair as he thought back on the last two weeks of his forced stay here.

Admittedly, it wasn't... *bad*, per se, the duo didn't treat them badly, they even let them go outside after two days! *(Tommy was only slightly disappointed when he found out it was due to an enchanted obsidian barrier set up around the base during his second escape attempt, then again he kind of expected some sort of obstacle.)* They did a lot of things over the course of those two weeks. They cooked together, had some weird family nights every other day, He and Techno sparred together, and Phil even let Tommy preen him! *Something his own father only let him do a lot when he was younger before he went off and left him.*

~~*Tommy hates it, naturally, he hates how much he actually likes it, craves the affection of the family he's been reaching out to for so fucking long, even if they're not the same people at all,*~~ he misses Daydream a lot, not that he'd ever admit that outloud, the blonde would probably die of embarrassment, and as much as he hates to admit it, he's worried about him.

Pushing away his intrusive thoughts, the blonde pulled the blanket that was covering him away from his body and stumbled onto his feet, groaning at the throbbing pain behind his scarred eye, before making his way over to the dresser to put on some clean clothes. Since both he and Ghostby, *(who he saw still snoozing in the blanket nest, undisturbed by all the noise Tommy was making),* were forced to come here, neither of them brought any necessities or extra stuff for this prolonged stay. So, Tommy was forced to wear either Techno's or Phil's old clothes so that his own could get washed.

Since the thought of wearing a fancy robe or kimono didn't appeal to him much, he was stuck with Technoblade's tight black pants and white dress shirts, *(though the piglins clothes are kind of loose on him. Years of malnourishment from military rations and both of his exiles made him too thin, but it was okay, he's tall enough so they don't flop on him that much).* He still pulled his old, patched up jacket over the fancy clothes, along with his bandana and compass, though he still felt oddly naked without his signature shirt and handmade red sweater. And so he quietly made his way out of the bedroom.

He can hear Phil bustling around the kitchen, and even though they've become ... *friendly* towards each other, *(more like Tommy grew less hostile around the old avian, since Phil seems VERY attached to the younger blonde already),* the teen wasn't in the mood to talk with the strangely chipper psychopath this early in the morning, so he snuck past the kitchen as quietly as he could.

His efforts were for nothing, because Phil must've somehow heard him. "Chickadee!" The younger



blonde almost jumped out of his skin, head slowly turning to stare at the old fuck who dared to disturb his escape attempt, "Good morning, what do you want for breakfast, Toms?" The black clad man continued, smiling at him with that goddamned dad smile as if he wasn't keeping Tommy and his brother here captive (*and yes, they are stuck here, no matter how much the blonde liked the thought of his original family loving him, the blonde has tried to escape 25 times already, because he had to return to Daydream*), and as much as it irritated the teen, he also couldn't be too mad.

*Because when was the last time his dad asked him if he wanted or needed anything?*

The blonde shrugged, "I don't care, whatever is fine," He said shortly, before ducking his head, "Just no beef..." Tommy mumbled, almost shyly. He refused to eat beef because of all the cow pets he had, and luckily Philza didn't seem to have any objections, because he only hummed and turned back to the stove. Tommy grasped this opportunity, "I'm going outside!" He called before, sprinting out of the backdoor, scowling when he heard the old man laughing behind him.

*Fuck him.*

Being outside felt nice, as long as he avoided the graveyard part of the garden, it made him feel particularly shitty looking at it, and if he stuck anywhere near it, Ghostby was bound to be near it as well. So that entire section of the backyard is a big "*fuck no*" for both of the brothers.

Which is why he usually hangs around this world's Technoblade when he's outside.

Techno usually either hangs out outside, either training his strength, gardening or coddling his pets, (*Carl, his horse, is still the same, so some things don't change*), or he's inside, reading a book, usually of Greek origins.

Today, like almost every morning, the pink haired man is outside, sleeves rolled up and tending to some crops with surprisingly delicate care that you wouldn't expect from the piglin hybrid. It's stupid, really, Tommy feels more comfortable around *Technoblade* then *Phil*, but it's to be expected when Phil is a literal serial killer.

The pinkette's ear twitched as Tommy approached him, golden jewelry jangling as he glanced up at the teen. "'Morning." Techno grunted in his gruffly voice sounding slightly subdued, glancing around Tommy's silhouette, before raising an eyebrow, "Wil's still asleep?"

The blonde nodded, rolling his eyes. He knows Techno's saying that because the spirit is always a few inches behind him whenever he can be. "Yeah, he's tired after yesterday's 10 rounds of Uno," Tommy said, giving the tall hybrid a pointed look, to which the other only smirked at him. "Y'all's fault you couldn't accept defeat, you know game nights are supposed to be fun right?"

The blonde huffed, "If it's supposed to be fun, why the fuck did you bring Uno?" Which made Techno snort, the hoe in his hand almost skipping and stabbing one of the potato crops "Touché." The red eyed man chuckled, before groaning and grabbing at his head, stepping away from the crops and putting away his hoe.

Tommy looked at the hybrid in concern, a look of realization coming across his features, "Are they louder than usual today?" The blonde asked, awkwardly hovering near his not-quite older brother, receiving a small groan in response "When are they not— ow! Bruh, chat, not cool—" The blonde winced sympathetically, before huffing and awkwardly tugging the piglin hybrid over to a tree in the backyard.

"Come on," He began, bristling when the red eyed man gave him a questioning look "Don't look at me like that, I'm gonna try and help you, *dickhead*—" He refrained from shouting, not wanting to

aggravate the man's migraine anymore than his voices already are.

"Sit down, alright?"

To Tommy's relief, the pink haired warrior complied, slumping down against the tall tree and closed his eyes, eyebrows furrowed and jaw tense, making the tall blonde bite his lip as he plopped on the grass next to Techno. "Look." He began, noting how the pinkette tilted his head ever so slightly to indicate he was listening "I'm—" He coughed slightly "I'm gonna... sing, and if you make fun of me for it I WILL clart you, bitch." The teen pretended he didn't hear Techno snort, "It— back in my universe, this usually helped, and you taught me this song, so— just— *augh*, come here, lean on me." He demanded, only slightly embarrassed when the older actually listened and leaned on him.

The blonde took a deep breath, and shuffled around until he had easy access to the others hair, before opening his mouth.

*"We were playing in the sand, and you found a little band..."*

The first verse came out shaky, unsure, but he slowly gained confidence.

*"You told me you fell in love with it, hadn't gone as I planned.."*

One hand slowly came up and started gently brushing out tangles out of Techno's hair.

*"When you had to bid adieu, Said you'd never love anew.."*

His voice grew stronger, though the tone was soft and soothing.

*"I wondered if I could hold it, and fall in love with it too.."*

He brought up the other hand to rub the other's shoulder.

*"You told me to buy a pony, but all I wanted was you..."*

He hummed, smiling when he saw the hybrid's shoulders relaxing, huffing slightly when the other put most of his weight on the 17 year old. "Better?" He asked softly, voice still cautiously quiet just in case he triggered the older's chat, lighting up when Techno nodded, a small purr, *or was it a rumble?*, coming from the older as Tommy ran his hand through his hair, "Great, this always worked back home when you had a particularly shitty day and got all pissy."

Techno chuckled, "I can imagine, heh," He said, before turning his head ever so slightly to look into Tommy's eyes. "Thanks, Helios."

*'Helios? That's a new one'*, Tommy thought to himself, and some of his thoughts must've shown on his face, because Techno huffed. "Bruh, don't you read?" The piglin continued before Tommy could ~~loudly~~ defend himself, "Helios is the sun god in Greek mythology, and you're a lot like the sun, y'know?".

Tommy flushed.

Scowling at Techno when he started grinning at his embarrassed expression, he must admit, *he likes it much better than Theseus.*

---

*Daydream's about to lose it, he's sure of it. Every little thing reminds him of Tommy. That tree? It's leaves are red like Tommy's sweater. That patch of grass? It's the exact same shade as Tommy's*

*bandana. The cows? They remind him of Tommy's obsessive talks about how they're "the most pog animal ever, besides moths, of course!". The blue lamb the duo of teens always had with them? That reminds Dream of both Tommy AND Ghostby.*

*Prime, he's so scared.*

*How hasn't he been able to track them? He knows the angel lives in these specific woods, so that must mean either he's moved locations or enchantments at work.*

*Dream's an admin, so if he pays close attention, he'll be able to spot an enchanted barrier.*

*The thing is, Dream is also stressed as hell, and that affects his ability to actually get shit done and have enough focus to actually look for a barrier, if there even IS one.*

*Being around George stresses him out. His kids being gone stresses him out. Being inside the danger zone stresses him out. The only reason he hasn't keeled over and died yet is because of sheer spite and sorry for his boys.*

*The sandy blonde growls under his breath, kicking a rock so hard it flies a good 10 feet ahead of him and George.*

*George, who he's surprised hasn't taken off yet, gives him a wary look, before opening his mouth, "Dream, you need to—"*

*Daydream whipped his head around so fast his neck let out an audible crack, making the brunette Brit gulp. "YOU." The American hissed, feeling slightly guilty when he saw the blue lamb beside him startle, "Do. Not. Get. To. Tell. ME—" He turned fully, marching right up to the shorter man, "To calm down!" Despite the venom in the masked man's words, George didn't seem deterred, a frown pulling at his lips. "Look, I know you're stressed and scared, but we're not gonna find them if you're constantly on the verge of a panic attack."*

*Okay, **yeah**, George is right, but Dream is still mad at him, so he only glares at him silently through his mask, making the older Brit sigh. "Look, Dre, I'm worried about yoUUUU—" The brunette's tone raised in pitch when he was suddenly tugged forward by his shirt, face now very close to Dream's mask. And though he couldn't see his expression, he could tell he's pissed.*

*"Worried? You're **worried?!"** Dream hissed at him like an angry goose, "You— You have no fucking right to be worried about me! You **abandoned** me! How dare you?!"*

*George, for once, seemed to bristle, and actually shot back at him, "What was I supposed to do?! I just lost a life during the fight against Black Death, if I stayed I would've died!"*

*Those words only seemed to anger the sandy haired man more, as he shoved the Brit away from him, making him stumble. "Then you **SHOULD'VE!**" He roared, "LIKE ME AND SAPNAP DID FOR YOU!"*

*The brunette paled "Dream, I—" "AND YOU— YOU DIDN'T EVEN COME BACK!" The sandy blonde only continued to lament, tears now streaming down his face behind his mask, "AND TThen— And then! When I'm finally happy! You come back, after 9 fucking years! And it all goes to **shit** again!"*

*George opened and closed his mouth like a fish, and Dream couldn't help but let out a small sob. "I'm—" He sniffled, batting away the hand that was coming to touch him, "I'm sorry, okay?! I didn't mean for you to lose a life, but— that doesn't mean— you just, get to fucking run away and not even*

*leave a message that you're alive somewhere, you fucking idiotic cunt!"*

*George sucked in a breath, and looked like he was about to spill some really deep secret, but unfortunately for Daydream, they got interrupted.*

*"Oh, uh, is now a bad time?"*

*The duo whipped around, eyes widening behind their mask and glasses at who they saw standing there.*

*"Karl?!" The duo cried, staring at the brunette with slack jawed expressions. Neither of them have seen him in a LONG time, and it's kind of weird seeing him in a brown poncho instead of his iconic hoodie, but it was unmistakably him.*

*Karl gave them both a short nod, arms uncrossing while he walked up to them. "Hey." He said shortly, "I'm sorry for, uh, barging in on you, but I think I can help you two." The duo looked at each other and then back at him, making the American brunette sigh,*

***"I can help you find Tommy."***

*Dream's heart stuttered, suddenly overtaken by both joy and shock.*

*B-but... How does Karl know about Tommy? And how does he know where to look?*

## Chapter End Notes

Me to R!Dream: oh dear, oh dear, gorgeous

Me to C!Dream: you fucking donkey

---

Author: THIS RELATIONSHIP IS LONG GONE JUST LIKE YOUR EX  
BOYFRIEND DREAM WHO WILL NEVER RETURN-

George: \*hysterical crying\*

---

Daydream: i can do this alone

Author and Editor: okay but what if you have some more anxiety

Daydream: what

R!George: hey

Daydream: what

## Chapter 14 | A Gilded Cage Is Still a Prison

### Chapter Summary

"It's gonna be okay, I'll make sure—" Tommy took a deep breath, "*I promise.*" He wouldn't fail Wilby like how he failed Ghostbur.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The clicking of cutlery against the porcelain plates was the only thing that filled the room, making the atmosphere quite awkward. In Tommy's humble opinion, they were all sitting there like little bitches.

You see, Ghostby doesn't really need to eat, but he still does around Tommy because, according to the spirit, *'it feels nice to share a meal with his little brother'*. So he didn't say anything and just let the brunette tag along with him whenever he ate.

The problem is, Ghostby hates being around Phil (*for obvious reasons*), and well, dinners were always a family thing, even back in his own universe. ~~Something he didn't dare mention, Phil doesn't seem to like when he talks about in front of him.~~ So obviously they all had to sit around the table and eat whatever food was prepared for them.

Tommy shared a suffering look with Techno (*Who, Tommy concluded, was actually the most normal person on this version of the server so far, despite his weird lack of murderous tendencies*), turning away from Phil's failed attempts at making a conversation with his ghost brother. The look they shared practically screaming *'You seeing this shit?'*

It's honestly kind of sad to look at, so, as Ghostby pushes his broccoli around his plate while Phil attempts to once more question him about the blue flowers growing from the ghost's head, Tommy just tunes out their conversation and focuses on scarfing down the rest of his cheesy broccoli pasta. ~~Something that he used to refuse to eat as a kid, but now he's just... always hungry, Dream always said he was selfish when he didn't eat the food he got him,~~ so that he can go do something else, like try to bypass the barrier again.

The blonde grimaces at the thought, he knows it's useless, but he misses Daydream, and well, yeah, big man TommyInnit is *worried*, he's been here for almost 3 weeks, prime knows what happened during that time. Not to mention *Buddy* is still out there, and as much as Ghostby loves the lamb he refuses to leave Tommy here alone to look for him. It's not like the ghost can even leave anyways.

Holding back a sigh, the teen shoved the last bit of pasta, ignoring the way his stomach curled into itself from the amount of food he keeps forcing into it, ~~he has to eat, Phil wants him to eat, he'll be mad if he won't, he might take away his food, he has to eat or else he's selfish,~~ while being here gives him a shaky feeling of belonging.

It wasn't *right*...

*But then again, isn't that what he always wanted? To, for once, be his father's favourite? Or at*

least be equally as liked as Technoblade for his fighting achievements, for his poetry and booksmarts? Or, before Phil left, to be praised just as highly for his singing, music and charisma like Wilbur? Tommy's a good fighter, he's not **stupid**, he knows how to strategize and fool people into thinking he's a cocky idiot, he's able to get everyone's attention within a minute and make them laugh and smile and be happy, AND he's a decent singer and pianist!

...of course, he stamped these feelings down, because he loved his dad, and his brothers, and he's not jealous or bitter or, prime forbid, **hurt** and **sad**.

Tommy's quickly realizing that the prolonged stay in this house is making him spiral back down through all the progress he's made. Now he's wasting Puffy's therapy and DD's kind words away.

~~He hopes they can forgive him for being so pathetic.~~

Pushing away from the table, the blonde teen ignored the looks pointed his way as he grabbed his plate and walked briskly to the kitchen, shoulders slumping as he set the plate in the sink. Prime, if he keeps eating big portions like this, he's bound to get sick, but he doesn't want to accidentally set Phil off by asking for smaller portions.

~~Not like when he told Dream he doesn't want his pity food during the very first few days of exile, right before the sandy blonde decided to destroy any chance of Tommy building a farm and killing everything BUT cows in the area, and well, the older man knows Tommy won't ever eat cows. Too stubborn and sentimentally attached to the memory of his old bull Henry.~~

~~He let Tommy starve for two weeks before finally making him beg for food. It's still one of the most humiliating moments in his life, but he knows the stale bread saved his life back then.~~

The teen hummed when the familiar cold presence of his brother entered the room, only a minute after he himself walked in. The ghost immediately floated over to him and grabbed onto the sleeve of his sweater for comfort, making the blonde relax while his thoughts melted away into blissful contentment.

That didn't last long, because, well, his fath— Phil walked into the room, followed closely by Techno, and no matter how long he spent here, he doesn't think he'll fully ever be comfortable around Phil. The man is an ancient being, eyes holding more grief and pain than a normal person should, and he's insane to the point of murdering people 'for a better future', so yeah, Tommy thinks he has the right to be at least a little bit scared of this version of the Angel, *even though he wouldn't admit that out loud*.

A part of him even pities the man, but he stomps it down, he can't do this, ~~not again~~, not when he knows that just because someone acts nice doesn't mean they're actually *good*. And even though his mind is trying to coerce him into feeling sympathy and love for this... *wrong*, version of his father, he will *not* condone Philza's wifeless behaviours.

Tommy is snapped out of his thoughts by a poke in his side, the action making the golden haired teen jump and whip around to stare at the culprit, pointedly ignoring the small snicker from his ghost brother as he glared daggers at Technoblade, who looked just a little bit TOO smug.

"What the *fuck*!" The blonde hissed, swatting away the hand jabbing at his side. But the red eyed man only rolled his eyes fondly while chuffing, a distinctively content piglin sound that always put Tommy at ease when he and his brother were still really young.

"Settle down Helios, you were so deep in your own mind you wouldn't react to us yelling at you." The pink haired hybrid said, monotone voice sounding just amused enough for Tommy to bristle in

annoyance "Phil has something for you, come on brat."

Tommy would've retaliated if Techno didn't sound so *fond* while he blatantly insulted him, so he didn't say anything even as his Ghostby chuckled at the blonde's pouting face.

Phil shook his head while smiling "Now now Tech, don't tease your brother too much," The older avian said, ignoring the way Tommy tensed and Ghostby grimaced. "Let's go outside, she's very excited to see you, Toms!" Was all the old coot said before gracefully exiting through the kitchen, making the group of three look at each other with bewildered expressions.

"... You know, I've been in this house since I was 7 years old, and I still don't really understand Phil." Techno admitted, making Tommy snort, because honestly, he never really understood Phil in his own world either.

The tall pinkette sighed "Let's go before he comes back to drag us out." The hybrid grumbled, making his way out of the kitchen.

The brother duo stared after his figure, before Tommy sighed and rested his head against Ghostby's, "Are you okay?" The blonde asked quietly, before wincing. Obviously he's not, the poor ghost hasn't been okay since they've been stuck here.

The brunette didn't say anything for a moment, before silently humming "mhm."

There was a minute of silence, before the ghost tugged at his arm and started leading him out of the kitchen, "Let's just... get this over with, I want to spend time with you before we go to sleep..." Tommy almost wilted at how defeated his brother sounded, the ghost has completely given up hope on ever making it out of here.

The blonde nodded, tugging his arm away from Ghostby's grip, only to quickly grab his hand and squeezing it reassuringly.

"It's gonna be okay, I'll make sure—" Tommy took a deep breath, "*I promise.*" He wouldn't fail Wilby like how he failed Ghostbur. His brother's eyes flickered at the genuine emotion in Tommy's voice, pupils appearing momentarily as the ghost teared up, before quickly shaking his head to tug Tommy outside.

As soon as the duo entered the fresh air of the garden, they were greeted by the avian jovially, the loud '*What took you so long boys?*' going ignored as Tommy spotted what must've been the thing that Phil wanted to give him.

His jaw dropped as he stared at the small, spotted calf before him. The baby cow looked up at him with big, black eyes, tongue coming out to lick its snout as it tilted its head at the tall blonde, tail slowly swishing behind it as it looked at him innocently.

Tommy dropped to his knees before the small cow, letting go of Ghostby's hand as he stared at the small creature in disbelief. It's not like he hasn't seen calves before, of course he has! It's just that, well—

"I thought—" Tommy choked on his words as he reached forwards cautiously, hands carefully stroking the baby cows yellow spotted head, "Aren't mooblooms like— fucking *extinct*? How did you...?" The blonde's heart melted into butter as the cow leaned into his hand, the dandelions on its back and head bouncing with the movement, eyes widening as it got up on wobbly legs and pressed itself against his chest.

Philza chuckled, but Tommy was too enraptured by the tiny, buttery yellow cow making itself at

home on his lap to notice his fond grin. "They aren't, but they're very hard to find. This one was... abandoned, sadly, I trust you'll take good care of her?" The older blonde questioned, tilting his head at the young boy.

Tommy blinked, eyes wide and attentive as the flowery calf licked at his fingers "I—" Tommy gulped "Of course I will, dickhead, who do you take me for?" He scoffed, before softening, "Thank— Thanks, Phil, seriously." He turned to stare up at his captor, giving him an unusually soft smile, before looking back down at the cow in his lap as Ghostby settled down next to him to pet the small cow, "I'll call you Holly, how about that?" Tommy cooed, looking at the small creature with adoring eyes.

Holly mooed, and that was that.

---

It took until well into the night for the group to go back into the house, and after a rather embarrassing use of Tommy's puppy dog eyes (*that didn't seem to be at all affected by his destroyed left eye, lucky him*), he was allowed to take Holly up to his and Wilby's room for the night.

So that's how he ended up on a cuddle pile with his brother and his new buttery yellow companion, feeling incredibly relaxed and happy with the small cow pressed against his side. He really missed Henry, and well, it's safe to have a pet here, right? It's not like Sapnap was here to kill it.

So, content with his day, Tommy settled against his dozing brother's shoulder and slowly let sleep embrace him.

... until a small thud startled him awake, making him dart up and jostle both Ghostby and his new calf.

Instead of a mob that somehow managed to spawn, there stood...

... *Karl*?

Tommy gaped, eyes almost bulging out of his skull, the scar tissue around his left eye painfully pulling as he stumbled to his feet, ignoring the small groan of his still sleepy brother.

"I— *what*?" The blonde said, hands righting the poppy flower crown on the top of his head, mouth opening and closing as Ghostby rose up behind him. Making a noise of confusion at the new figure in his room, "How are you— what the fuck— are you wearing a fucking *poncho*?—"

Karl scrunched up his nose at the last comment, before shaking his head wildly, "We have no time for that— just, Tommy, I'm here to get you out, I'm getting you back to Dream." The brunette stated, eyes flying around the room "Take— pick up your cow, we need to go *now*."

The golden haired boy stood there for a moment, eyes wide and bewildered, before looking back at his brother with hesitation, the ghost looked overjoyed at the prospect of actually getting out, and so Tommy relented, picking up the small yellow cow from the floor, muttering apologies as it mooed in discomfort at being jostled, before rushing over to the short brunette.

"This better not be a trick, or I'll fucking clart you." Tommy snarked, which the brunette cracked a smile at. "Don't worry," Karl reassured him, "I'm the last person you need to worry about hurting you." And with that, Karl grabbed him by the arm, and as Ghostby clutched onto Tommy tightly, he thought he heard Karl say '*you might be a bit dizzy after this*'.

Before he knew it, the group was gone in a flash, leaving behind a cold room and an empty nest.



~~Luckily for them, they weren't able to hear the enraged scream that followed shortly after.~~

## Chapter End Notes

\*posts chapter cutely\*

---

Techno: I do not condone kidnapping

Techno: gets attached to Tommy

Techno: fuck

---

Tommy: i fucking hate it here

\*Holly appears\*

Tommy: I tolerate it here

---

Daydream: PHILZA, PICK UP THE FUCKING PHONE, YOU STUPID **BITCH**  
WHERE THE FUCK ARE MY CHILDREN?!

Philza: lol sucks to suck \*throws phone\*

---

Philza: I am a good parent

Also Philza: \*kidnapped Tommy, killed Wilbur and isolated Technoblade\*

---

# Chapter | Lately I've Been Crying Like a Tall Child

## Chapter Summary

He squinted, eyes adjusting to the dark, and— 'oh', Tommy thought to himself, *'they're actually outside, behind the barrier'*.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The first thing that Tommy registered once the flash of light faded was that, 'oh, *I'm outside*'. The second thing was, 'oh fuck, *I'm gonna throw up*'.

The blonde lurched forward, clumsily dropping Holly on the grassy ground as he hunched over to clutch at his stomach. If he wasn't so out of it, he'd feel incredibly bad for basically throwing the poor moobloom, but he was too focused on not hurling out his gut and vaguely he registered someone patting his back and cold hands running through his hair as he gagged.

Luckily, the young boy managed to hold in the broccoli he choked down for dinner a few hours ago, gagging slightly at the bitter taste that comes with almost throwing up in his mouth. Before straightening up, he blinked his eyes wearily and gazed down at the scenery around them.

He squinted, eyes adjusting to the dark, and— 'oh', Tommy thought to himself, *'they're actually outside, behind the barrier'*.

The blonde blinks again, once, *twice*, and if he wasn't with Karl right now he'd probably burst into tears because the fact that he's outside makes him both ridiculously *happy* and *guilty*.

Happy, because he hasn't managed to get behind the barrier no matter what he did, or when he tried to do it (*he even tried to dig under it, but Phil almost caught him*), he would finally see Buddy, and his home, and... *and Daydream*.

But the blonde also feels incredibly guilty.

Something he's internally kicking himself for... He can't help but feel *bad* for running away, kind of like when he escaped from exile, but— the difference is that Phil was *kind* to him. Despite Tommy being snappy and annoying, ~~*something he's very good at*~~, he wasn't like the **Dream** back in his universe, or even like the Phil back there either! He genuinely *cared* about him.

Even through all that, Tommy knows Phil is emotionally unstable, and well... a *murderer* — so despite how nice it felt to have a father that cares for him, Tommy couldn't stay.

To be honest, he feels mostly guilty for leaving behind Techno.

Tommy distinctly remembers how much less... bloodthirsty and rough around the edges this world's Techno is, and while that isn't *bad*, it doesn't sit right with him.

*'... You know, I've been in this house since I was 7 years old, and I still don't really understand Phil.'*

He distinctly noticed how much less buff Techno is. How he only trains with dummies and the only weapon he's actually really good at using is a bow or a crossbow, because he can actually decently practice with those around the garden.

But that's the thing, *around the garden*, never **outside**.

He asked him about it once, actually...

*"Hey Tech?" Tommy asked the hybrid with furrowed eyebrows, hearing him hum as he worked on some potions in his own workroom that he apparently has. "Do you think Phil will let me go outside if you come with me? You know, like we could go hunt, or something!"*

*He tries to keep the hopeful tone out of his voice, but had to hold back a wince at the small huff he received.*

*"Nice try, child," The pinkette's mouth twitched upwards at the loud 'FUCK YOU, I'M NOT A CHILD!' from the young blonde, "But even if I **could** take you out, the only thing we'd catch is small animals, I'm only good with ranged weapons" The older admitted, voice slightly dejected.*

*Tommy stopped mid yell, looking at the piglin hybrid in concern, "The fuck do you mean 'could'? Does Phil not let you outside?"*

*The silence was deafening enough for the blonde to understand that **'no, he doesn't'**.*

The teen gulped, before looking up, the hands in his hair halting their soothing movement as he straightened up, eyes looking around the semi-familiar forest in front of him. This... It looks like the same place where they got, *for the lack of better words*, kidnapped.

Tommy's eyes snapped towards the hand that suddenly grabbed his, but he relaxed when he saw that it was just Wilby's. He squeezed the hand reassuringly because it's going to be okay now, *because his brother doesn't have to be afraid anymore.*

"We have to go," Tommy gulped at the unusually urgent tone in Karl's voice, eyes wandering to look at the faded colored eyes with own. "We have 20 minutes to spare, but we shouldn't stay here."

That was all he said before setting out to walk in a seemingly random direction. Tommy didn't hesitate to follow him after making sure Holly would be able to keep up with them, and luckily for him the cow seemed awake enough to walk without a care in the world, the newly name tagged animal eager to follow her owner.

The trek was filled with silence, both of the teenagers too nervous to break it, and Karl didn't seem too eager to fill it in with any funny chatter either. ~~*Another thing he could differentiate from his Karl.*~~

Despite this, the blonde couldn't help but have hope swell up when he saw a light in between the bushes, the hope only solidifying when he heard a very familiar voice speak up.

*"George, for fuck's sake— I told you to leave me be, I won't sleep until Karl comes back!"*

*"Dream, you need to rest, you're delirious —"*

"I don't *care*! He's been gone for 20 minutes, and you've already talked me out of looking for him myself, can't you at least let me fucking wait for him, or are you going to rob of that decision too?!"

"That's not what I— Dre, please—" The sentence was cut off by a loud gasp.

*"HOW FUCKING DARE YOU CALL ME —"*

Tommy couldn't take it anymore, he let go of Ghostby's hand and darted forward, stumbling through the bushes like a wild animal. The sight before him not deterring his delight in any way.

There in front of him was Daydream, his— *his dad? Parental figure?* — It doesn't matter, because he's *here*, and he's missed him so fucking *much*.

"DD!" He shouts out, barely acknowledging the brunette man on the ground next to his guardian, as the man in the green hoodie whips around so fast he must've given himself a whiplash.

*"Dream!"*

Before he knows it, he's lunging forward, and luckily for him, they don't tumble down, because Daydream is a literal mountain of strength and muscle from his years of living in the wilderness. That still doesn't stop the duo from staggering like a drunk man out of a pub.

"T-Tommy?" The older man stuttered, voice sounding choked as he clutched onto the young boy like he was his lifeline. "Am I— *Are you real?* I'm not dreaming?"

The sandy haired man pulled back, grabbing onto Tommy's cheeks with shaking hands and turning his head left and right, inspecting every inch of it, before gasping, hands retreating.

The younger blonde almost whined at the loss of the touch, before freezing when Daydream *took off his fucking mask* and tossed it onto the ground like it's *nothing*.

The man in front of him reminded him painfully of both the Dream before everything went to shit, his original Wilbur and everything good about his own dad all rolled into one. A gentle face and eyes filled with nothing but fondness and love, all hidden under a thick blanket of sorrow and pain, mixing into a beautiful green forest as he gazed back into his own blue eyes.

Tommy doesn't think anyone aside from Wilbur ever looked at him like they're holding the world in their palms.

The large scar that goes down from the right side of his jaw reaches the very edge of his eye, almost rendering him blind on one side, and he has many freckles despite constantly hiding his face behind a mask. His eyes have dark under eye circles from stress and lack of sleep, but even under all that, he looks deliriously happy to see *Tommy*.

"Tommy..." The teen almost burst into tears at the genuine relief and awe in Dream's voice, "Oh prime, *Tommy!*" But it didn't matter anyways, because apparently Daydream had no qualms about sobbing his eyes out. "Sundrop, you're *okay!*"

The nickname was enough to tip him over the edge, he heaved, teared up, and then started full on sobbing, and then they were both crying.

Tommy barely registered how Dream sat them down, pulling the blonde close to his chest and clutching him like a teddy bear, he didn't particularly care how *'unmanly'* he looks right now, he just knows he's finally safe.

Peeking up from Daydream's shoulder, he watched through blurry eyes as his brother and Karl walked into the camp, slumping in relief when he trailed his eyes over the entire group. *Daydream, George, Karl, Ghostby, Buddy and Holly...* Everyone's here, alive and safe.

*He can finally relax.*

Tommy slumped over, yawning as he nestled against Dreams' chest, the man only chuckling wetly as he ran a gentle hand through the golden and white locks as he nuzzled his head against the youth's hair, making the young boy snuffle and mumble, "*I'm sorry... We didn't mean to disappear,*"

Daydream just clutched him tighter and breathed in sharply. "It's okay," He said after a moment of silence. "*You're here, aren't you?*"

Tommy sniffled, and choked back a laugh at how soft his guardian sounded. "Yeah, I am, aren't I? Don't go all soft on me, *dickhead...*" Clearly, there was no bite in the insult, and Daydream certainly didn't seem insulted as he only laughed at the tall child in his lap. "Yeah, yeah... rest, okay? I'll be here when you wake up."

Despite wanting to protest, Tommy fell asleep within a few seconds of Dream stroking his hair.

*Finally safe.*

---

Dream sighed happily as the teen in his arms finally drifted off, not looking up from the blonde fluff as a huge smile spread across his face. Tommy's safe. And he's in his arms, and he's *here*, and *real*.

He could've sat there all night, just holding the boy as he dozed off, but he knew they had to move, so he glanced up, not showing his full face from behind the younger man's hair. "Where do we go now?" Daydream asked, rocking back and forth with the blonde in his arms, glancing at Ghostby as he reunited with his lamb and at George as he sat. The brunette looking at him and Tommy *fondly* made the now adrenaline free man feel more conflicted than just irrationally angry. He turned his gaze back up at Karl and couldn't miss how his multi-colored eyes held a fondness for the blonde he was holding.

Karl hummed, looking between Dream and George thoughtfully. "Have you two ever wondered how Sapnap is doing?"

Daydream's heart *dropped*.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter is a bit short, but fair amount of lore gets discussed!

## Chapter 16 | Blood Isn't Always Thicker Than Water

### Chapter Summary

"Promise me, *please*, I don't know how much longer I can do this."

And Tommy doesn't exactly know what that means, but he knows a cry for help when he hears one, and well... Tommy's not a hero, but he's not a monster.

And so he nods.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy doesn't usually sleep very well, but he's so exhausted that the bounce in Daydream's steps as he carries him around doesn't rouse him from his slumber for a very long time.

He briefly wakes up once or twice. When the sandy blonde carrying him jostles him around as carefully as possible, he notices that they're walking away from what looks like the area around their base, before he dozes off again into a peaceful slumber.

The next time he comes to, he's still being carried like a child by Daydream. All he sees around him is red and orange, blinking away the blurriness and stifling a yawn, the blonde squinted at the scenery with more scrutiny and he noted with a surprised huff that the group is currently trekking through a Mesa biome. This makes the teen realize that, for once, he's actually feeling hot rather than uncomfortably cold.

Shifting slightly, the teen jolts when Daydream looks down at him. His mask now back on his face, unlike last night where he threw it away in such desperation to look closer at Tommy.

The thought of his... *parental figure?* (*Thinking about the tan man in such a way made Tommy feel almost embarrassed, but in the nice, fluffy kind of way*) Abandoning his secrecy just to make sure he's completely okay makes him feel both incredibly guilty and extremely loved.

The American carrying him chuckled softly at the young teen's pouty expression, eyes drooping from sleepiness. "Good Morning to you too, Sundrop," The nickname made him flush a bright red and avert his eyes with a scowl when Daydream just laughed *more*, like an *asshole*. "Did you sleep well?"

Tommy was tempted to say 'no' just to spite him, knowing it would only amuse the older male more rather than actually annoy him, but he relented with a huff.

"Yeah," He swallowed as he looked back at the tall male carrying him, practically feeling the giddiness radiating off of him. "Better than ever, actually..." Tommy elected to ignore the way DD cooed at him, bristling when he realized how long he must've actually been carrying him. Tommy's not *heavy*, he's actually way too light, but he did put on some weight back at Phil's cottage.

Wait.

Phil's cottage.

*Technoblade.*

Tommy's eyes shot wide open, the stinging pain in his left eye going ignored as he suddenly jumped out of Daydream's arms, making said man grab his arm before he could dart away or fall over.

Under any other circumstances, he'd protest because he's not a baby and he won't fall, but he feels like it's more because DD's anxious he'll disappear again.

~~*A big part of Tommy also fears that.*~~

"What's wrong?" The tall man asks, sounding so worried and concerned for Tommy shrunk a bit, glancing around when he spotted the others in their group halting. They seemed to have finally realized that the teen woke up. "Are you okay? Are you hurt? Do you need anything? Water? Food? I have healing pot—"

However, DD was interrupted by a blur that latched itself onto Tommy, making the golden haired boy stumble and almost fall into the tall man.

"Tommyyyyyy—" the ghost attached to his back whined, nuzzling his hair wildly. "You're awake! You've been asleep for so long, you gremlin!"

Tommy scowled, but didn't push his brother off, "I'm not a fucking gremlin, Wilby— *don't* mess up my hair—" He huffed, before looking at George and Karl coming up to them. His expression quickly sobering up as he got back onto the topic. "We have to go back— *Techno*, he's still stuck there— He doesn't deserve that—"

Daydream starts to open his mouth, but he's abruptly cut off by Karl, who looks at him with a soft frown. "I know, Tommy, but right now it's too dangerous, I swear we'll rescue him after we get you safely to the base."

He wants to protest, but shuts his mouth when he looks between Karl and DD, the taller man tense and tugging on the hem of his hoodie, looking unsettled by the prospect of Tommy leaving his line of sight at *all*. So he shuts his mouth and nods grumpily.

Karl smiles at him pleasantly, his mismatched eyes crinkling as he nods back at him when he agrees to not do anything rash and rush back to the base. "Thank you, I know it's hard, but we'll get him here with us as soon as possible, I promise, we just can't risk... *him*—" Karl's eyes harden, and Tommy feels a slight chill go down his spine. "—finding *you*."

Daydream relaxes out of the corner of his eye, and Tommy sees George sigh in relief at his decision, the brunette seems to be holding leads attached to both Holly and Buddy, Tommy notes with relief, so he resigns himself to waiting. He knows Phil won't hurt Techno, it just... feels *wrong* to leave him there, after they had gotten along so well, and after he found out that Techno has never been outside past the fucking *barrier*.

But while it's not okay, he can wait, he'll wait and strategize the best possible way to get him out.

"It's not too far away, we actually walked most of the way while you slept," Karl explained, looking over the horizon. "I would take you through the underground tunnels, but they're too small to carry us all through the carts at once. Luckily Black Death has given up searching this area a long time ago," The brunette snickered. "It's too hot for his old ass to fly through."

Tommy didn't even try and hold back the laughter, especially as DD started to wheeze beside him and George slapped a hand over his mouth to choke back a chortle.

And so, with that, the group starts walking again, with Daydream grabbing onto his hand and Ghostby starting to snooze on his back. But Tommy doesn't mind, the ghost barely weights anything after all and his guardian's hand provides some comfort.

---

By the time they arrive at the Mesa base the sun is setting and Tommy is getting tired of the sea of red sand they had to trudge through to get there in the first place. He reckons George feels the same way, if the way he's swaying from place to place sleepily while clutching the leads of the two baby animals who seem about as done with the journey as he is. Tommy reminds himself to give both Holly and Buddy a big helping of wheat and carrots later for being champs the entire journey.

Karl walked over to one of the large clay spike clusters, patting the wall in a strange pattern, before a loud, screeching sound sounded as the ground opened, revealing a spiral staircase to the ground below.

The brunette turned and waved them forward. "Come on, we have a lot to talk about guys."

With that, the group walked down the stairs, and the ground closed behind them soon after. Luckily for them, there were shroom lights lighting up the entire staircase. Tommy noted how both he and DD seem very uncomfortable in the cramped space; he wondered why Daydream has an issue with tight spaces like he does, but refrains from asking for now.

The group eventually arrives in a living room, with a plush carpet, multiple sofas, a fireplace, glowstone lamps, and...

George stuttered.

"S-Sapnap?" He sounded winded, and the Brit even took off his sunglasses to take a closer look at the two males sitting on the couch. Quackity and Sapnap.

Sapnap's head snapped up, he, *admittedly*, looked way different from his usual style. His hair was a bit shorter though there is still a bandana tied around his head. He's wearing a black sleeveless undershirt and a long, white scarf, looping around his neck and chest and arms.

He also looked shocked, eyes wide and mouth gaping as his head swiveled between Daydream and George. George and DD seem to be in a similar state of shock, if the way the brunette brit opens and closes his mouth, and the way the masked man is squeezing his hand is anything to go by.

Karl walks up from behind the group, and for the first time he seems uneasy as he walks over to Quackity, who scoots over to make room for the brunette on the couch. The Mexican looks like he hasn't slept properly in months.

"I... " Sapnap began, looking at a loss for words, before his head snapped towards Karl with wide eyes. "You— You told me they didn't want to see me! Why— *what?!*"

This seems to snap Dream out of his shock, as he reared up and tugged Tommy into his side, making Tommy hiss and yelp as he almost knocked Ghostby off of his back. Luckily the ghost didn't wake up, Wilbur has always been a light sleeper, ~~until~~ *Postopia*.

"What do you *mean*? I— Sapnap I thought you were *dead*!" His guardian's voice rose up an octave, he sounded like he was on the brink of hysteria, and suddenly Tommy was painfully reminded of when he was revived and tried to talk to Tubbo for the first time.



He quickly pushes that thought away from his mind, focusing on the situation at hand.

Before Sapnap could defend himself, and god he looked so hurt and confused and joyful at the same time, Quackity spoke up.

"That's our fault..." The black haired man said, uncharacteristically quiet as he fiddled with his hands. "We— Sapnap is on his last life, me and Karl decided it'd be safer if he didn't venture out of the base at all, and... and if he knew you're still out there looking for him, he'd go looking for you," Quackity looks so mournful, like holding Sapnap back from seeing his friend hurt him just as much as it hurt one of his fiancée's.

George collapsed on a couch, eyes comically wide as he stared forward blankly. Tommy vaguely registered DD start trembling, so he squeezed his hand and hid his hair in the crook of the older man's neck, doing his best to comfort him silently.

Karl took a deep breath.

"*It was my idea.*" He admitted, and Sappnap's head snapped up to look at his other fiancée with big eyes. "It was after Quackity..." The brunette trailed off, wincing when he saw the raven-haired man tense up, hand coming up to fiddle with his eyepatch. "And I got... paranoid, and I just couldn't— Sapnap I couldn't let you go out there and *die*."

Sapnap slowly shook his head, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. It seems this Sapnap has a better hold of his anger than the one back in his original universe. "We'll talk about this later."

His tone held no room for argument, and Karl nodded while grasping for Quackity's hand, the one that was fiddling with his eyepatch, a scolding look screaming '*Don't do that*'.

"I..." DD breathed out, before heaving and tugging Tommy forward as he started towards Sapnap, who seemingly had a similar idea as he shot up from his seat.

Tommy let go of DD, in favour of not getting crushed, and watched as the duo hugged fiercely, he felt... strangely happy. He was glad that the two reunited, Daydream, despite him sobbing like a baby, was definitely happy, and so was Sapnap.

Tommy almost jumps out of his skin when he feels a hand touching his shoulder, whirling around to see Karl standing behind him.

They didn't move for a moment, before Karl gestured towards a door to the left.

The blonde hesitated, but seeing as everyone in the room is preoccupied with the sobbing duo and Ghostby is sound asleep on his back, he didn't see a reason not to sneak away. *Plus, Karl owes him an explanation anyways.*

The duo walked into what looks like a large kitchen, where Karl sat down on one of the island chairs and looked at him expectantly.

Tommy chose to remain standing, a weary look on his face.

The brunette sighed. "Tommy," He said shortly, making the blonde shiver. "I know you have questions," *Oh yeah, you bet he fucking does.* "But please, I can't— I really can't answer, not *now*, not yet... I don't know if I ever can—"

Tommy would've called bullshit if he didn't hear the genuine desperation in the heterochromic man's voice, so he kept his mouth shut and just narrowed his eyes.

"And I know that's not fair to you, but please, when I say this, you have to believe me," The brunette insisted, getting up and looking at him intently, making the blonde just a tiny bit uncomfortable, just a little, he wasn't disturbed *at all*.

"He'll come looking for you, and you mustn't come with him, no matter what, if you do, we lose, and he'll never let you go—" The sentence made his eyes widen, blue and grey staring widely into gold and purple, as the man in the poncho stifled a snuffle and a sob. "Promise me, *please, I don't know how much longer I can do this.*"

And Tommy doesn't exactly know what that means, but he knows a cry for help when he hears one, and well... Tommy's not a hero, but he's not a monster.

And so he nods.

He thinks the tearful smile he gets makes up for the familiar heavy burden settling on his shoulders.

## Chapter End Notes

It's me , ya girl, skinny pEn-//SHOT

---

Daydream when Tommy suggests saving techno: *\*having a fucking aneurysm\**

---

Past R! Quackity: hey how you doing??

Current R! Quackity: *\*head slowly creeks up\* tHeY tOOk My FuCkiNg EyE-*

---

Tommy: *\*trips\**

George: are you-

Daydream, overprotective after Tommy went missing for 3 weeks: AAAAAAA OH MY GOD ARE YOU OKAY WE NEED TO CALL THE AMBULAFE YOU'RE BLEEDING OUT KASHWKSJEJSIOWUS-

Tommy:...*\*cassualy snaps his leg into place\* Chile, anyways-*

---

[! SCREAMS FANART GO LOOK](#)

Thank you despairing-rage and h0kigang-rox from Tumblr for the wonderful Fanart!!!  
I hope you enjoy the chapter!

## Chapter 17 | Storm-a-brewin'

### Chapter Summary

The group gets settled in, but are they really safe?

- Hello! This chapter has mentions of pagan like religions (similar to Greek mythology) and there's mild horror and blood, please stay safe reading! -

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*He already knows where he is before he opens his eyes, the bone chilling cold that seeps into his skin through his clothes making him shudder in dread.*

*He refuses to open his eyes, knowing the deep darkness that is awaiting him if he does. But the feeling of something brushing his cheek forces him to face his reality.*

*His eyes snap open and he comes face to face with a giant woman. And when he says giant, he means like, really fucking tall, towering over him like a titaness, though she was kneeling down (probably to not dwarf him as much as she actually can). She's wearing a shimmering black and purple gown, and has long brown curls cascading down her back like a waterfall, with a giant hat and veil obscuring most of her features from the outside world, though from his perspective he could see her face perfectly.*

*There's something painfully familiar about her glowing eyes and pretty face, though the frown on her lips makes him a bit nervous.*

*They stood there in silence for a little bit, and despite the woman's intimidating size, he doesn't feel threatened at all, even as he takes note of the multiple wings sprouting from her back.*

*"I am so sorry, little one," The blonde almost screeches in surprise when the woman speaks up, voice loud and clear and **booming**, so unusual in a void where there is more often than not no sound to be heard. ~~Aside from his own weeping when he's in there, of course.~~*

*And what does the lady mean? 'So sorry.' About what? It's not like it's her fault that—*

*Wait...*

*The blonde almost choked on his own spit as the familiar scent of lilies and lavender finally kicked in fully in his dumbfounded mind. "You're mu- Kristin?!"*

*He gapes at the giantess as she gives him a sad smile, face turning bright red from embarrassment as she strokes his hair fondly with the tip of her finger. Despite getting more than enough affection from Ghostby, Tech and Daydream lately, ~~he refuses to think about Phil's hugs~~, he still craves more while simultaneously being flustered by it. But it's also because the last time he had any contact with his world's mother was when he was fucking dead.*

*"Yes, dearheart, yes I am," The giant goddess pauses, wings ruffling in what seems to be anticipation, and he can't help but watch in awe. The wings look like galaxies, feathers shimmering*

*with tiny white sparkles and swirling with deep purple colours inside the vantablack feathers if you look at them just right.*

*"You're not supposed to be here, and I'm sorry you've been dragged into this mess, little love." The woman— being? He's not sure what exactly to call her. But at the very least pronouns aren't an issue. She's the only figure of the pantheon that actually has a set gender, aside from the life goddess. She continues to watch as Tommy stares at her flabbergasted. "If it were my way, you'd be far away from here, somewhere safe... though where you come from is in **no way** ideal." The brunette spat, and if the blonde didn't feel so weirdly calmed by the deity's overwhelming presence, he'd probably flinch or screech. Mortals aren't meant to withstand the presence of a god in its natural form, much less its anger.*

*Blinking owlshly, the blonde teen duly noted the lack of pain in his injured eye as he stared wide eyed at the titaness. "What do you mean? Do You—" He gulped, thinking back to what Phil told him about Kristin, before whispering.*

*"You didn't bring me here...?"*

*He was ready to keel over when the goddess slowly shook her head, head running over all the stuff he learned and that just didn't make sense anymore because of this discovery. "Then— Then who the fuck—" Tommy cut himself off as he swore, but the tall lady only giggled at his antics, making something warm swell in his gut. The kind of feeling he got when Will used to ruffle his hair.*

*"That, my dear, was XD." Kristin gently explained, even as Tommy reeled back at the mention of Drista's supposed sibling. (Drista, at least back in his original world, was his patron/matron deity. Mischief was always something he excelled at and it became so even more as the young godling favoured him over anyone else on the server.) XD was always a mystery figure in the pantheon, but it's concluded that they're some kind of creation god, and the main patron of the dream SMP. Finding out he was brought into another universe by its counterpart is...*

*"Jarring, isn't it?" The brunette continued as if she was reading his thoughts. "XD never seems to actually involve themselves in things, he's more hyper focused on that mortal, George." The goddesses face did a funny twist, bright white eyes narrowing before her face softened again, while Tommy was briefly stunned at the mention of George. "For them to get involved, he must've seen things have been getting really out of hand, and they were right, of course."*

*Tommy could feel a ball of dread start rolling in his stomach, steadily getting bigger and heavier the longer he listened to the titaness. "B-But," He stuttered, hyper aware of the eyes on him. "How does that involve me? I'm not— I'm not **special**—" ~~Not anymore.~~ "I can't— How could me being here possibly help?! Why didn't XD fucking fix it himself, get rid of Phil's bullcap—" The blonde shut his mouth as soon as he said that, eyes going wide because **oh fuck he just insulted a goddess's husband.***

*Fortunately for him, Kristin didn't seem mad at all, she seemed more amused and resigned. "Gods aren't allowed to directly interfere with mortal matters and conflicts, dearheart," She continued, snorting at his bewildered expression. "I'm technically breaking an ancient law right now, but honestly, who doesn't these days?" If she had pupils, she'd probably be rolling them, the blonde noted.*

*Tommy didn't think it was that easy to just skip over breaking ancient godly laws probably set by the first ever divine being, Prime, but he wasn't about to talk back when she was unfolding his entire purpose in this world.*

"So... X- eh... The chaos-being brought me here to fucking what?— Save the universe or something?" He said, tone bewildered as he made sure to avoid saying the gods name. ~~Names have power.~~ The winged woman smiled at him again, something sorrowful in her gaze as she loomed over him.

"XD made you his champion." The brunette said gently, as if saying something very delicate. "They already have a favoured human he kept safe from the whims of my husband, but gods select champions differently. Champions are heroes, be they demigods or mortal, champions are given blessings to achieve the impossible."

Tommy felt cold.

"I'm sorry Thomas," The goddess of death mumbled, carefully picking him up in her palms as he stared at her blankly, barely registering his given name instead of his nickname. "I was so fond of you when I saw you in the stars, the oracles spoke of you as a hero, unfair tragedy after tragedy and yet you still keep going... I didn't think XD would actually grow fond too, not when he already had someone..." She trailed off, sorrow staining her words like ink. "I didn't think they'd be so foolish as to actually..." She sighed.

They sat there in silence for a moment, the blonde sitting in the palms of the goddess as he stared up at her, before asking, "What... how do I... What am I supposed to **do**?" He asked, voice choked and brittle towards the end of his question, watching as the deity wilted slightly at the sound of his sadness.

"Push on... things will be okay." She said "You have me on your side, the gods are on your side." And in the books, that was always a good thing.

Tommy gulped, before opening his mouth again. "I... Mu- K-Kristin, can I talk to XD here before I wake up...?" He asked with uncertainty, a small pit of panic appearing in his stomach when the goddess's frown deepened. "I- Fuck!— Sorry, I don't need to—"

"No Tommy," The titaness said gently. "It's not because of that, it's just that, even if XD could come to my domain... They still wouldn't be able to."

Tommy frowned, confused. "What do you mean?"

Kristin closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and pursed her lips, before gazing straight into his eyes for the first time since she picked him up.

"I'm sorry Tommy, but... after XD brought you here, they faded."

---

Tommy couldn't help but keep thinking about it throughout the day after he woke up.

XD had faded after they brought him into this world.

He couldn't believe it, he didn't want to. Because that meant the deity basically fucking offed itself just to bring him to another universe. Just for a chance to 'save it', even if it meant they would have to leave forever.

The golden haired boy felt like shit, even as he sat still at the kitchen island pushing around the rice on his plate with furrowed eyebrows, almost jumping out of his skin when a hand waved in front of his face.

Tommy scowled at the offender, a not so apologetic looking Quackity who grinned at him tiredly.

"Ey, Thomás," The Mexican greeted, plopping into the bar stool next to the teen. "Pass me a plate?"

The blonde softened slightly at the sight of the dark eye bags and messed up hair peeking out from underneath the avian's beanie. The ravenette even forgone putting on his eyepatch, but Tommy wasn't very disturbed by the empty eye socket, he's seen his own face after ~~Dream~~ messed it up after all. So he just nodded and pulled one of the clean plates from the pile to give to the older man.

Tommy watched as Quackity indulged himself in a generous amount of fried rice Karl made before the brunette himself disappeared into one of the lower levels of the base, *presumably the library*, before deciding to open his mouth. "Did you sleep okay today? I mean did he..." The blue eyed teen trailed off, watching the other chew the rice with a slightly blank expression.

"He's been quiet ever since you clocked him in the face," Quackity admitted, a small smile appearing on his lips as he gave the blonde a grateful look. "Now that I'm not pissing my pants from fear, it's great that I got the best view of that putano's dumb face."

Tommy doesn't know what 'putano' actually means, because Quackity refuses to tell him (*and he knows it's a swear, damn it, so he uses it around the house just to piss everyone off, unfortunately it only seems to mildly inconvenience them at worst*), but he's relieved that the issue they were discussing seems to have settled.

Said issue is the ghost of Schlatt, apparently.

*After the group settled down in the Mesa base, which took a few days with how hectic everything was, ~~and let me tell you, there's been a lot of crying going on~~, one night they (Tommy, Ghostby and DD, ~~and the animals~~, who all refused to sleep separated, at least for now) woke up to the sound of banging, shouting, and whining.*

*Tommy, despite everything, still seems to have a hero complex integrated into him (he's always been the one to rush into danger head first before anyone else), and so he was the first to bolt out of bed to check on what the fuck was going on in the bedroom next door.*

*He was closely followed by Ghostby and Daydream, the latter of the two more cautious in his approach as he tried to get Tommy to slow down. The ghost only clinging to the green hoodie of their caretaker as he stared bug eyed in the direction of the noise.*

*When the group burst into the bedroom, a scene straight out of a horror movie greeted their eyes.*

*There, on the floor, was Sapnap passed out. He looked like he was knocked over the head hard enough to knock him out, but he didn't seem to be bleeding. If Tommy wasn't so in shock he'd think it's weird how the back of said man's hair has a white streak in it. On the bed was Quackity and Karl, the brunette looking incredibly feral as he looked at the thing basically strangling his shorter fiancé while the short avian whined and struggled, eye wide and filled with fear.*

*The thing strangling Quackity looks like... like Schlatt, the Schlatt he saw in the **void**. Except this one looked way worse for wear, and just a little bit nightmare inducing.*

*The ram's face is hidden by his hair and horns, blood dripping down from his body and onto the man below him. The air around him is dark and angry and bitter, and Tommy almost gags when his head slowly turns to face the group in the doorway.*

*There's eyes, so many of them, covering his face, unblinking and staring directly into the blonde's soul. Mouth set into a thin line, and he barely holds back a grimace as he stares at the cut going*

*from the hybrid's neck to his chest, the teen isn't surprised that the ram's head is a bit lopsided from the giant cut.*

*They stare at each other for a little bit, until Tommy realizes 'Oh fuck, this bitch is strangling big Q!'*

*So Tommy does what he does best.*

*He lunges forwards and plummets the ghost into the ground, straight off of Quackity and almost also knocking Karl off the bed. ~~The supposed time traveler let out a squawk he'd later deny making.~~ He was briefly thankful for actually being able to touch the ghost since he's also basically undead.*

*He barely registers the others screeching, mostly in concern for him as he slammed the ghost over the head with his fist while cursing him out.*

*It only took Daydream holding him away from the ghost that kind of slinked into the shadows, Sapnap waking up and and George stumbling into the room drowsily asking what the commotion was about for him to actually realize how fucking weird that entire situation was.*

Safe to say after that incident the trio of fiancé's seems even more fond of him, which Tommy doesn't mind at all, they're all pretty great too. *Not that he'd ever say that out loud.*

Tommy snorted into his rice when Quackity dropped his spoon on the floor when he got startled by the loud bang coming from the next room. "What the fuck?" The ravenette mumbled, pouting at the silverware laying innocently on the floor. "Are those three '*working out their problems*' again? Jesus Christ."

The blonde hummed. "Yeah, they've been at it for almost two weeks and I can't actually tell if it's fucking helping or not. I think if Sapnap wasn't here, DD would've thrown Gogy into a rubbish bin by now," He said before munching on another spoonful of rice.

But even Tommy has to admit to himself that Daydream has been actually trying to be civil towards George now, and he doesn't seem as scorned as before, so he guesses they did make some progress at least.

They ate calmly, chattering mindlessly about whatever came to mind until the door deeper in the base opened and a ruffled looking DD came out with a George and Sapnap hot on his heels.

"Tommy!" The sandy haired blonde grinned at the teen, looking very relieved as he swept the sunny blonde off of his barstool, somehow managing to also pick up Tommy's rice dish while the teen sat there dumbfoundedly for a moment. "You're here! Great! We're gonna go do... *uh...* that thing, with Will, right now!"

Tommy briefly saw Sapnap open his mouth to argue, but the tan himbo was too fast for him as he zoomed off down the hall, running away from a conversation he possibly wasn't ready to have.

The blonde recovered, screeching as he was carried down the hall, briefly telling himself that he'll mull over the topic of XD later. Kristin did mention George had a connection to him, maybe he'll ask later...

---

*Outside the Mesa base, the sun poured down harshly on the sand and cast harsh shadows off the tips of mountains and rocks, a distant caw of a crow wouldn't catch anyone's attention as there was no one out to catch it.*

*Nothing was seen around, only piles of sand and hot sunlight to shine onto your face if you were to ever venture out there yourself.*

*Suddenly, a large shadow passed over the ground, accompanied by a mighty flap of wings sounding in the air. A lone figure landing on a dry tree, hood covering their face, obscuring their features fully.*

*The figure has a large assortment of weapons in his inventory. An axe, a sword, a bow and a large scythe, all enchanted and deadly, despite this the figure doesn't seem to have any armour, totally confident in his combat ability and invulnerability to keep him safe from morbid damage, or worse, death. However they also seemed to have a large number of potions, both enhancing and harmful to anyone.*

*Flipping down the hood of his cloak, blue eyes gazed into the distance disdainfully, blonde hair neat, despite spending hours flying in the air with a hood on his head.*

*Jumping down from the tree, the angel smiled at the flock of birds suddenly landing on his arms, shoulders, and head.*

*"Hello loves," He cooed at black birds, getting enthusiastic greetings back. "Any news from my beloved?"*

*'No'*

*'L'*

*'Mumza no talk she mad lmfao'*

*'Divorce arc'*

*Phil scoffed at the last one. "We're not divorced, if we were I'd have lost my wings by now!"*

*Chat didn't seem bothered by the comment, chanting something about family therapy, so Phil busied himself with pulling out the compass he kept in his inventory until now.*

*"Ah." The blonde nodded, satisfied with himself. "Almost there, chat!"*

***"Just wait a little longer, Tommy, Dad's coming."***

## Chapter End Notes

Tommy: Sapnap, sapnap

Sapnap: \*knocked out by bookshelf thrown by Schlatt\*

Tommy: Oh my fuckin' god he fuckin' dead

---

Quackity: a potato

flew ➡ around ↻ my room 🏠 before you came

Schlatt: \*circling the ceiling\*

Quackity, Karl and Sapnap: AAAAJASAJSHJAHYHS-



---

George: let's tell each other secrets :D

DD: oh let me go first, I hATE YOU-

---

Tommy: \*holding Holly\*

Quackity: is that a chiCkEn-

---

Techno: do you ever just wake up and do something and are like, what the fuck is going on?-

---

Comments: R!Philza sucks

R!Phil: I came here to have a great time and I'm honestly feeling so attacked right now

## Chapter 18 | Hurricane

### Chapter Summary

The day started out nice enough.

If only it lasted.

*Trigger warnings for this chapter: Derealization, implied imprisonment, Character Death.*

**You have been warned.**

### Chapter Notes

Just saying I'm really sorry for not updating in a long time I had to run away from my house at one point and then I had all kinds of other issues anyways this one was fun to write

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The day started out nice enough.

The group played a bizarre hybrid game of uno and truth or dare the night before, which ended up with Karl getting piss drunk and asking Quackity to marry him (*before getting really happy when he found out they were not only already engaged, but that a "hot man" was also a part of their engagement*), Sapnap sitting in the bathtub fully clothed, Ghostby having to stay away from both Buddy and Holly for the rest of the night (this eventually resulted in tears and whining, no one was happy with this), Tommy having to put on one of Karl's ponchos (*disgusting*), and most hilariously, George and Daydream having to cuddle.

Tommy was torn between feeling bad and laughing his arse off. Daydream's mouth was twisted into a sour scowl, looking like he just swallowed a lemon, as he pointedly looked away from the smaller, deliriously happy looking man nestled in his side, looking 10 seconds away from imploding anytime someone even looked at the duo.

The blonde's also pretty sure he heard the ghost of Schlatt laughing at them, though he doesn't say anything so as to not freak out Big Q.

Now that he stood here in the entrance of the living room, waiting for rest of the group to finish packing their things (*DD insisted to pack for all of them, which okay, Tommy thinks that's stupid, but he's not gonna ruin his fun if he wants to actually do all the boring work for them and so he didn't say anything, unlike Ghostby who decided to be a little shit and teased Daydream, so he got roped into helping their father figure caretaker*), he felt kind of awkward, he really had nothing to do other than petting his pet moobloom. Which he didn't really want to do since she was taking a nap on the couch and he'd probably just wake her up by accident.

Smiling softly at the yellow calf (she's just so cute), the blonde made up his mind about finally talking to George.

He needs answers from the brunette anyways, and maybe also needs to kick him in the ass for going about making things right with Daydream wrong. After all, *they don't have a lot of time before they head out to rescue Technoblade.*

The blonde made his way over to the couch, leaned over and very softly ran his hand over the soft yellow and creamy white fur of his calf's back, holding back a coo when the baby cow's ears flickered in her sleep.

"I'll be right back, Hols," He whispered, flicking one of the flowers on the moobloom's back, before leaning back and quietly making his way away from the sitting room.

If he was right, George was packing his own things in his room, so he went there first. (*After tiptoeing around Ghostby and DD, the former of the two who could be heard whining even after Tommy long since passed the door to their shared bedroom.*) They should be alone while he basically interrogates the poor sod.

Tommy briefly ponders knocking once he arrives at the door, but forgoes the gesture and bursts into the room in typical Tommyinnit fashion.

"GOGY!" Said brunette jumped at least two feet from the loud and enthusiastic cry the blonde let out. "Drop that poncho right now— why the fuck are you even *packing it*? The thing's hideous, Karl's the only one who can pull that shit off anyways!"

The older Brit blinked and opened his mouth, but the blonde interrupted again. "Anyways!" He grabbed George by the arm and tugged the brunette right to the bed. "Come sit, I need to ask you something!"

"I— *okay*?" The brunette stuttered as he sat down, hands playing with the soft fabric of the hideously neon green poncho in his hands. "This is kind of sudden though... Dre doesn't... *I mean*, Daydream doesn't really like it when you run off without explanation, he won't break down the door right?"

Tommy thinks, despite the genuine worry in his tone, the brunette looks kind of excited at the prospect of the sandy haired man coming in to bust the door down.

He scrunched up his nose. "*Eugh*, you two are fucking unbelievable, not like me, the wifehaver never has relationship issues. Maybe I'll drag you to counseling or shit." He said in a joking tone, but George didn't look amused at the notion.

... yes, if you are wondering, Tommy, *is in fact*, stalling.

*'This is gonna be really awkward, innit?'* The blonde thought to himself as he turned serious, the small grin that was on his face until then turning into a small frown. *'Just how do you start a conversation about knowing the dude you are talking to having had a godly lover that you know basically offed itself to bring you into this world?'*

He opened his mouth to start the explanation:

"George, I know about XD."

*Fuck*, nevermind, that came out way too quickly by the wide eyed look on the brunettes pale face.

The blonde panicked. "And well, *uh*, shite— The green god brought me here, and well, I didn't really know, *you know?* B-But!"

He stumbled over his words, a sweatdrop appearing on his forehead from how George was still staring. "I was told by, uh, in my dreams, by *mu*— the goddess of death! And she said that, well, I'm— she said you'd know— *Bloody hell*, can you stop gawking at me like that?!"

George flinched, blinking his eyes at the anxious youth in front of him who began picking at the scar on his face from nervousness after he snapped at him.

"Sorry, Sorry— Tom, don't do that!—" The brunette hissed, gently grabbing the teens hands and lowering them. "I'm sorry for zoning out, but... it was shocking, I thought you didn't know," He whispered.

Tommy blinked, his damaged eye even moving a bit from the movement. "So it's *true?* You— *You left DD for a god?*" The blonde growled, ripping his hands away from the older man, who stared at him with a panicked face. "You just— you really did fucking *leave* him for XD?! Kristin said they look exactly like *Dad*, did you really just get a fucking replacement?!"

The teen seethed, not even noticing the slip up, hands balled into fists as he glared the shorter man down, but George didn't look scared, he looked desperate (*and mildly surprised at what Tommy called Daydream*) as he dove forwards and grabbed Tommy a little too tightly by his shoulders.

The blonde refused to wince trying to shrug the brunette off, but despite his growing aggravation, the man didn't let go of his sweater.

"Tommy, *please!*" The teen paused at the near damn wail. The man let out eyes softening a little as he gazed at the older guy. "Please just let me explain, I can help you, I will! I'll do anything, just please don't make me *leave!*"

A part of Tommy was screeching, wanting to punch the stupid git in front of him in the face for betraying Daydream like that, but the other part felt sympathetic. He did just die, and how many times has Tommy debated running away from the SMP just to live out the rest of his days in a relative mockery of peace?

He relented.

"*Speak the fuck up, then.*" He sneered, almost taken aback by the sheer gratitude that showed up on the brunette's face.

George opened his mouth...

---

*George was running, doing his best to ignore the screaming in the back as he clutched the new,*

*freshly healed scar that showed up on his chest. The sword wound from Black Death himself aching with phantom pain despite it healing over after he fully woke up on his second life.*

*He told them! He told them it was a bad idea! Why doesn't Dream ever listen to him?! Confronting that bastard head on is the worst thing they could've done, they knew the bastard was way too strong for them. Sapnap knew that, yet he still rushed after Dream with no hesitation to 'get rid of the threat!'*

*Now he's here, running through the forest like a madman, away from the man who took away his first life.*

***His first life, he only has two left.***

*George shuddered, eyes bulging out and watering from the telltale buzzes coming from his communicator.*

***Dream was slain by Philza using Stygius.***

***Sapnap was slain by Philza using Stygius.***

*He had to keep running.*

---

*He's been in this clearing for a few days now, and his communicator won't stop going off.*

*He can't bring himself to look at it, so he smashes it, too afraid black death might somehow track him through his signal or through Dream. He has access to all of the people's locations from his communicator after all.*

*He's tired and scared to leave and look for his friends. Too cowardly to venture out of the seemingly safe and serene grove he made it into.*

*And so he stays.*

---

***There's a person in the grove.***

---

*The man, Eksij, reminds him remarkably of Dream, it almost hurts how much he looks like him.*

*Unlike his Dre, Eksij doesn't wear a mask. He has a strange X shaped birthmark on one of his eyes, his hair is longer and he's an avian, with large, beautiful shimmery grey-green wings sprouting from his back and classical temple robes you'd find on the outskirts of smps that worship gods.*

*He acts quite different from Dream, however, almost like a clueless middle schooler not sure of what he's allowed to do now that he's crossing the threshold of childhood and teenhood. George is almost relieved by that, it'd drive him insane for sure if the man acted the same as his...*

*And there's the fact that George thinks Eksij is a follower of XD, and even though he's not that religious, he finds himself getting along with him well enough.*

~~*Almost too well.*~~

---

*It's been a month since he's entered the grove, and it's been great actually. No death came for him, so that must mean the crazy crow fuck must've calmed down, right?*

*Ha, he doesn't even remember the fuckers name.*

*Eksij is good company, he doesn't really feel the need to leave anyways.*

*Who the hell is Sapnap and Dream anyways?*

---

*It's been...*

---

*How long has it been?...*

---

*Something's wrong with Eksij.*

*He needs to leave.*

---

*Why doesn't he have a face?*

*Where is Eksij's face where is it wherediditgowhatishappening.*

*George thinks he's seen the face of god.*

---

*Eksij is XD.*

*It's actually so blatantly obvious, he feels stupid for not realizing it, but the god... being... thing, says it's not his fault— Prolonged exposure from gods to mortals has unfortunate effects apparently.*

*George asked them if he can leave now that he's out of my trance.*

*They said it's not safe.*

*They said they'd give him anything as long as they could keep him safe.*

*The brunette asked if there's any place that's actually safe, if the god could take him to a place without Black death.*

*They said they could, but they wouldn't, because the man would only suffer from it.*

*He doesn't know what to do.*

*He's trapped.*

*~~"Dream, Sapnap, I'm sorry."~~*

---

*XD is gone.*

*He can't feel them anymore.*

*He remembers asking them if there's any way for safety to exist again on the server.*

*The god only looked at him, void face hidden behind a mask of painted iron, and spoke of a prophecy.*

**"A hero from another world will walk among us..."**

*George stepped outside the grove for the first time in years.*

**"For he is the chosen one, a boy with hair from spun sun rays and eyes made of the skies deepest blue..."**

*'A child,' George thought to himself, as the magic of the grove washed over him once he stepped through the barrier. Eyes gazing out and surveying the thick forest. 'A child is the only thing that can save us'*

**"The one who's seen horrors beyond this world's imagination will arrive as the sky reaches its limit, when the time is most dire..."**

*The brunette, despite being trapped in the bubble of magic and nature for... who knows how long, XD said the magic and his presence messes with a humans concept of time, has grown fond of the god. And well, if he guessed correctly, XD did something to bring the kid here.*

**"A child from another world will walk among us and bring prosperity."**

*He needs to find that kid.*

*Dream and Sapnap are...*

*He doesn't want to think about it.*

*He needs to find him.*

---

*George found the kid, alright.*

*But he also found someone else clutching onto them.*

*Disbelievingly, he took a step forward, but almost fell over and smacked into a tree branch, making him muffle a screech as he basically slipped out of the overgrown bushes.*

*The duo gaped at him, until his Dre opened his mouth (**gods, he's gotten so tan, and he looks like he's been working out**) and a breathy "...George?" came out.*

---

*"... and that's how I got to you guys," The brunette whispered, and Tommy stared. Much like he did back then when the man first stumbled out of the bushes with twigs and leaves in his curly hair.*

*"XD drugged you up basically?" He asked, deadly serious, the weird question was enough to make George drop the somber mood and laugh in disbelief. "I– it wasn't their fault, you child!" The older man laughed loudly, and said 'child' in question bristled, though he bit back his own screeching laugh when he saw Ghostby peek into the room with wide, curious eyes, only to duck back out with a weirded out look when he saw George of all people laughing his head off.*

*Tommy sighed. "So... I guess I'm supposed to stop Phil or some shit? I... don't wanna kill him—" He admitted, guilt crawling up his chest even as he looked at his feet, only to feel a hand ruffling his hair gently. Fingers curiously tracing the ivory white streak in his otherwise golden hair as he*

looked up at the man with blue and brown eyes.

George smiled gently, "Then don't."

Tommy gaped. "But!—" He stuttered "The prophecy?!—"

The brunette shook his head, hand sliding from the blonde's hair to his shoulder where he squeezed. "You're Tommyinnit." He said seriously. "When have you ever listened to fate?"

Tommy silently wonders how much has XD told George about him, especially from how admiring he sounds. "If you do not wish to kill, I'm sure you'll find a way to fulfill it another way," The brunette said quietly, before stepping away and picking up his back. "Come on, the others should be done by now, we have to go get, err, *Techiebleed*?"

Tommy snorted and followed the older Brit out of the door when he walked out. "*Technoblade*, Gogy." He grinned at the brunette's dismissive wave, "Also, you'll have to explain this to the others, I hope you know that." He chortled as he walked by the brunette, a small snicker escaping his lips at the audible groan coming from the shorter man.

---

It only takes the group three hours to get out of the Mesa this time, since everyone is awake and well rested. The baby animals are back at the base, in their makeshift pens with plenty of food and water for their maximum two day long trip. The group is walking briskly, with Karl checking a strange book repeatedly, Quackity studying the skies with a narrowed eye, probably searching for any signs of a flock of birds coming for them, Wil is happily holding his hand and carrying a large bag with no struggle while Sapnap is guarding the back and Daydream the front (*at their insistence, even if everyone else protested them doing so*).

They make it to the forest, the crown's of the trees covering them well from view and so they decide to settle down in a little cave. Not big at all, it's quite literally just a small hole where they can set up fire and sit for a few hours and rest.

As the group settles down, Ghostby sliding up next to Tommy, the brothers instantly cuddling up next to each other. The blonde has to hold back a pleasant smile when their guardian comes to sit next to them, facing away from the rest of the group as he takes off his mask and faces the teens, scarred face lit up with a small smile at the sight of them.

"Hey boys," He says to them, pressing Tommy into his side as he's the closest to him. The blonde grumbles but doesn't protest, though he does mutter profanities while hiding a grin in his bandana and while Wilby whines about being jostled (*plus something about DD being a dickhead*) "How are you guys holding up?"

Tommy shrugged. "As good as I can be, big man," He leaned forward to bury his face into the green hoodie and scarf of his caretaker. "Though I'm anxious about saving Tech, he must be miserable..." He mumbled, voice muffled by the fabric of his *Dad's* clothes.

DD sighed while Ghostby cooed at him sadly, cold arms looping around him tightly as the ghost snuggled into the fur of his jacket. "It's okay Toms! We're coming for him now!" The ghost cheered, flower petals brushing against his back as the brunette rubbed his face against his jacket. That'll be a bitch of a stain to get out later, but the cold snuggles help ground him so he surrenders to the thought of stains.

Daydream runs a hand through his hair and Tommy hums. "I'm sure Techno will be okay," The freckled man murmurs, eyes soft as he stares down at the blonde teen in his arms, fingers brushing



carefully over the crack on Tommy's head. "From what you've said, he sounds as tough as nails, just like you, To..." The sandy haired blonde trailed off, breathing stuttering.

Tommy wanted to look up, but his head was gently forced back down as fingers gently lifted up his hair from his nape.

*Oh.*

Tommy's heart gave a weak stutter.

"*T-Tommy...*" Daydream's voice sounded shaky as he spoke, the blonde's heart only quaked in response. "Why are all your heart lives broken?"

The blonde forces his head up and out of the gentle grasp of Daydream, trying his best to tune out the loud gasp of his brother behind him. He opens and closes his mouth as he stares at the horrified face of his caretaker, only to be broken out of his stupor by a scream.

The trio's head snapped around, seeing Quackity rushing towards them with a wide eye. "He's ***here!***" He screeched, snatching a bag off of the ground. "We need to ***go!***"

Sapnap shot up from his position on the ground, groggy and half asleep but eyes wide as he woke up. "Wha- who's here?" He asked groggily, as the trio scrambled to get up, Daydream picking up the trio's shared satchel and looking ready to snatch up the kids too.

Quackity chirped highly, an instinctive reaction from a bird hybrid in distress. "Who do you think, *estúpido?! The fucking grim reaper fuck is here! Get your fucking bag and go!*" Quackity shouldered his bag and frustratedly picked up Sapnap's too, throwing it at him and grabbing his hand before turning to the group of three. "Hurry up, Karl and George are buying us time!"

Dream snatched up Tommy's hand, who had Ghostby clinging to his back. The ghost's weight technically almost nonexistent, but as the group was ready to run Sapnap snatched his hand out of Q's.

"Karl and Georg are fighting ***alone?!*** " He shouted. "We need to help them!" And then the raven haired man rushed off, leaving the quartet in the dust, before all of them broke out of their shock.

"***SAPNAP!***" Three of them shouted, while the ghost on Tommy's back screeched as the group tore off behind him.

It's so dark, Tommy thinks to himself as he barely avoids tripping thanks to DD, who *left his fucking mask by the fire*, they can't even really see Sapnap! Only embers falling off of the Blaze hybrid as he tears towards the sounds of conflict.

They arrive in a clearing, only about 20 meters away from their little alcove, and Tommy audibly gasps at the scene. Karl is trying very hard to beat Phil with an iron sword and a shield, while George is trying his best to stop the bleeding from his side while also trying to get up. By the way he's clutching the bloody, flimsy iron sword, he at least landed a shot, but going against someone with a netherite axe with very buffed up enchantments and a giant scythe? He's gonna *lose, they're gonna lose.*

They're going to *die*, the blonde thinks horrified.

Before Tommy can do anything, Sapnap *roars* and rushes towards the right.

Philza rears back, axe raised, eyes glowing.

Karl whips around, shock and despair and a knowing look passes through his eyes as soon as he sees the blaze hybrid barreling his way towards them.

George looks up, pained grimace turning into a horror filled look as he sees what's about to happen.

Quackity screams so loud the night birds fly off, and *Sapnap's body drops to the floor like a sack of potatoes, head severed from its body.*

Daydream holds back a choked sob when the head rolls and bumps into his foot.

***Sapnap was slain by Philza using Asphodel.***

## Chapter End Notes

Orphan tears.

Stygius (Phil's sword) is a reference to a sword from the game Hades, and also to Stygnian iron from Percy Jackson, it's the iron that Nico's weapon is made from, specially for a child of the underworld king.

Asphodel is the name of Phil's axe, it's a reference to the Asphodel meadows/Fields of punishment in Greek mythology, it's basically Ancient Greek version of hell.

---

Sapnap: \*in bathtub after losing last round of Uno, crying\* I'm WasHiNg mE anD mA CloThEs-

---

Daydream: I'm HURT George, you can't pretend nothing happened!

George: I'm not-

Daydream: You're literally trying to grab my ass right now.

---

Quackity: \*pours water on Sapnap's head so he wakes up\*

Sapnap: \*raises head with closed eyes\* HELLO?

---

Technoblade waiting to be rescued: *it's been 84 years...*

---

Philza: So no head?

Sapnap: \*Is headless\*

Karl: \*stomps on his sword and it breaks\*

---

Tommy: WHEN WILL YOU LEARN

Philza: I-

Tommy: WHEN WILL YOU LEARN THAT YOUR ACTIONS HAVE  
CONSEQUENCES-

---

George: so have y'all ever been abducted

Tommy:

Karl:

Quackity:

Daydream: dude not in front of the kid-

Tommy: I mean yeah technically

Daydream: *pardon?*

## Chapter 19 | Silhouettes Of An Uncertain Future

### Chapter Summary

Staring at Sapnap's decapitated head, he thinks to himself...

*'How did this happen?'*

---

**TW | This chapter has topics such as gore, violent death, blood, mental health issues, descriptions of nausea and vomiting, etc, you have been warned**

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Karl has lived on the SMP his entire life, the village he grew up in was small and tight knit. The entire community acted as family, both his parents and siblings ensuring he had a happy childhood far away from any large factions and conflicts.

The SMP consists of mostly small villages stretched over the entirety of the vast land, as the small communities didn't have enough people to create large cities like on Hypixel or the big, broken down bases and coliseums in 2b2t. It's a wide expanse of unclaimed land under the watchful eye of their gods, or at least that's what his mother used to say.

Then came Dream, who proved himself to the gods as someone worthy of being an admin, and so, he gained responsibility over the vast land now called the Dream SMP.

He never met the man, as he's never left the village before he turned 18, but he's heard things. After all, going through a god's challenge just to get a semblance of control over a little bit of land is, unsurprisingly, not an easy task.

But something went wrong. Only a few months later people started making their way towards the center of the server, where everyone who wanted to be a part of the *'big stuff'* went.

*"Searching for a purpose,"* His father would say. *"Since they don't have one over here."*

Karl thought it was quite condescending, as he often felt like an outcast in his village, with his bizarre stories and way too bright clothes, and brightly coloured heterochromic eyes.

When Karl was 23, he grew too restless and decided to leave his village despite his parents' protests, leaving behind his family with a heartfelt goodbye and a promise to write every once in a while.

He wanted— *no...* He ***needed*** to know why people just mysteriously didn't show up again after heading off towards the heart of the land, and *needed* to know why he felt such a pull to go there.

He pretended not to hear as the younger boys whispered about him *'finding a purpose'* as he finally headed out of the gateways of the area he grew up in, clothes too bright and oddly standing out

within the village's dull browns.

---

***He shouldn't have left.***

*As soon as he arrived, he could feel the server's barrier clamp down harshly, and he found that when he tried to go back he couldn't, no matter how much he tried to step through the almost see through green bounds.*

*The place even looks weird, despite being able to see the blue, green tinted sky past the barrier, the sky here seems permanently grayed out, covered by clothes with barely any sun coming through, and the plants seem to rule this land.*

*That was the first red flag.*

*The second one was that his communicator wasn't able to send messages outside of the borders.*

*Meaning he could only message people from inside the barrier.*

*Karl didn't know what to do, and so he went on to search for people, only getting the wonderful idea to actually try to access the server public chat half an hour into his aimless walk.*

***Karl: Hello?***

*Nobody replied.*

---

*He wandered for days before he stumbled upon anything man made, as it turns out, not getting a tour can lead to a lot of wandering, plus, no matter how many messages he sent in the community chat nobody answered. Weirdly enough, there were only two usernames marked as "**online**", the dots next to their names almost always being on.*

*Philza and Technoblade.*

*Private messages didn't work either, though he did feel kind of weird the next few days after he sent them.*

*To be honest, he doesn't feel safe at all. Especially with only an inventory full of basic iron tools and a flimsy iron sword he managed to swipe from his father's trash chest before he departed here, said sword already worn from being run through various mobs, and now he has way more rotten flesh than he could ever need.*

*Karl sighed to himself, pulling out his last loaf of bread and nibbling on the crust, face scrunching up at the slightly stale taste.*

*'I really am unlucky.' The brunette thought grumpily as he walked on the seemingly abandoned path, moss growing on the planks, most of which were even missing, if not never placed in the first place. It was as if whoever built the path didn't have time to finish it. 'Seriously, what the honk is even going on — The main hub is always the busiest, and there's no one here! It's like a tornado rushed through this place.'*

*Stepping off the path to look at the small amount of abandoned buildings around the center of this entire disaster of a place, he felt dread pool in his gut when he spotted what looked like a large graveyard ahead of him. Before he could even head over to check it out, he almost tripped over a conveniently shaped bump on the ground.*

*"Ow, fuck —" The brunette hissed to himself, hopping on one foot as he just stubbed his toe. "I swear that wasn't there before..." He grumbled, gingerly setting his leg back on the ground as he curiously leaned down to see what he kicked.*

*"A book?" Karl muttered, bewildered. "Who would just leave such a pretty thing out here?" The brunette asked himself as he picked the large thing up.*

*He didn't lie, the book is very beautiful despite being on the ground for prime knows how long. A large and thick tome, with a deep purple hardcover, golden lines and ridges on the sides and a large, cyan swirl on the front and back, reminiscent of the one that he has on his ratty old hoodie.*

*Karl didn't know why, but he felt fond of the tome, as if it was an old childhood book you couldn't ever get rid off. A story that, despite being long past your interests and age, you couldn't just chuck out. One that washed over you with happy memories.*

*He caressed the side of the book, noting that there was a cyan page marker towards the start of the book.*

*Curiosity got the better of him, and he opened the book.*

*The pages are soft and smell new, despite the age old papyrus texture look they had to them. There were a whole load of words he can't read, the brunette can tell they're in elvish, but he's nowhere near fluent in it, but what little he can make out is...*

*"...Fix it?"*

*He was so intrigued by the book he almost didn't notice the feeling of something hooking onto his gut and tugging him somewhere, despite knowing there was no one with him to grab onto him.*

*He lurched forward as nausea took hold of him.*

*And then, Karl Jacobs was gone from his time.*

---

*He threw up as soon as the loop ended.*

*It was really bizarre, being thrown through time at that moment, especially since he had no idea what happened the first few times. All he could feel was his stomach twisting unpleasantly, his head spinning and ringing as he squeezed his eyes shut to tune out the horrid noise as he gagged from the residue of vomit in his mouth.*

*He stayed there, slumped over on the ground with the book clutched to his chest, the pages still open as he heaved.*

*Karl only moved when he heard footsteps on the wooden path leading to him, slow and steady as if afraid he'd spring up and attack the first human he's seen since this whole mess.*

*Then the brunette finally managed to catch his breath, the awful feeling in his stomach finally receded enough for him to actually pick up his head and assess who's potentially trying to sneak up on him in the moment of vulnerability.*

*There stood a young man, with choppy hair the color of wet sand, a lithe looking frame donned in a green hoodie and a porcelain mask covering his features. An angular chin barely peeking out from behind the edge of it.*

*Oh, the smiley face...*

*Karl opened his mouth, but before he could say something incredibly smart to the supposed admin of this server, a hack left his lips.*

*Okay, so whatever that thing the book did to him really took a number on him.*

*Dream, or at least he thinks it's Dream, presumably, must be pretty concerned, because he faltered in his steps and actually lowered the very sharp and very dangerous looking netherite sword that was previously pointed in Karl's direction.*

*The heterochromatic eyed man sat up, clearing his throat and cringing at the leftover taste of bile on his tongue, watching warily as the dirty blonde stopped in front of him.*

*"Who are you?" Dream demanded after a moment of silence. "How did you get here? The boundary's been shut down."*

*Karl blinked in confusion "What do you mean? I've been able to get past it just fine..." He muttered, scooting back and getting up, only flinching a little bit when he noticed how aggressively the other man seemed to perceive him.*

*"Look man —" Karl began wearily. "I just walked through the barrier, I don't know what's going on..." He blinked as he took in his surroundings, the path was still the same, unfinished and jagged looking, but there's considerably less moss covering it then before the book decided to throw him for a loop. A loop. Ha.*

*Most importantly, the graveyard was gone and the sky actually has a sun in it.*

*"What the honk..." The brunette muttered, pulling the large purple tome away from his chest and ignoring the weirded out noise the tall man made behind him as he spun around to look at the house that stood where the cemetery used to be. The patch now covered by a considerable amount of trees and shrubbery, looking very abandoned for a random shack next to a considerably well kept path, though paired together it did give it a pretty good abandoned look.*

*"That's impossible —" Karl almost jumped out of his skin, snapping the book in his hands shut, he forgot about the green beanpole. "I've made sure it won't let anyone in or out unless I can evacuate everyone, there's no way you could've gotten in — even by accident."*

*Karl opened and closed his mouth, before sighing and shuffling his feet nervously. "Then I don't know what to tell you..." He admitted. "I have no idea what the honk is going on."*

*Dream softened visibly at the lost look on the other guy's face.*

*"You really don't know?"*

*He shook his head, and Dream sighed passing his hand through his hair.*

*"Come on, let's get out of the open first." The masked man said, stepping around him to get to the shed he was observing earlier. "It's not safe, if you're really new you need to know what's going on."*

*And well, Karl doesn't particularly trust this guy, but he's also lost and apparently sick and stuck here for an undisclosed amount of time...*

*Time*

Time  
**Time.**

---

*Karl knows what's going on, somewhat, maybe... not fully — but he knows he's got a better understanding than anyone else stuck here, all thanks to this stupid book.*

*He's been staying here with the Wastaken's for a month.*

*Well, it's been a month for them, but for him it's already been a year.*

*An entire year traveling through time, backwards and forwards to test his limits, only to figure out the true horror this place has to offer. Everything is blood, blood and more **blood** spilled, and he doesn't know why, he only knows who's behind all this.*

*The angel.*

*Black Death.*

*It's been 5 times since he's had to watch Dream's mother, poor sweet Puffy, die.*

*A bloodied corpse resting on the ground, eyes rolled back and blood soaking her neck, throat slit like that of a cattle being processed for meat.*

*There's a son wailing and another quietly stirring something dark in his chest.*

*5 times since he's seen Foolish condemn Dream for something that wasn't even his fault.*

*"Foolish, you have to help me, please!" He sobbed, a pleading whine falling from his lips. "Mom, she's — I —"*

*"Why?" Came a quiet reply.*

*The bloodied man stuttered, mask nowhere to be seen and a large scar on the bottom of his cheek crying blood. "W-What do you mean?"*

*Karl could only gape as Foolish scoffed coldly, the totem god ignoring the doe-like sad eyes of his brother. "Why would I help a murderer?"*

*3 times since he's watched Dream give up on trying.*

*There's a decaying, starved looking corpse resting against a tree, eyes closed and worms wriggling in his guts.*

*Karl doesn't have it in himself to try and bury him, and instead he rewinds while holding back the urge to vomit, scream and cry at the same time.*

*And 2 times since he's tried to help, tried to change things, only to make things worse in the end.*

*Dreams' body strung up like a piece of meat on a tree, the body horrifically shuddering through the effect of a potion keeping him alive even as his guts are pouring out of the hole in his stomach.*

*Karl wants to throw up.*

*"See, Newcomer?" The angel cooed into his ear, scythe drawing blood on his neck. "This is what happens when you play with the gods."*



*The next time he rewinds, he goes farther into the past.*

---

*He met Quackity by accident.*

*He's spent around a week wandering different timelines, going as far as he could in both directions, but he's trying to cut that back, it's definitely taking a toll on his mental health to see his friends dead and then alive and not remembering him.*

*He's just gotten back from another failed attempt of trying to follow black death home. The blonde always seemed to know someone was there and so Karl was always forced to retreat, much to his own frustration.*

*Karl sighed and flicked his book back into his inventory, tired eyes searching the horizon to figure out how far he's gone this time. The sky seemed blue, so at least he knows he didn't go back to when he originally started. The moment he first arrived at this cursed place.*

*He was startled out of his own musings by a loud curse and the sound of footsteps coming in his direction, he barely had enough time to whip out a now polished and improved diamond sword as a figure stumbled out from between the trees in front of him.*

*A young male, probably a little younger than him. He wore a blue jacket and a dark blue beanie, with black hair and wide brown, almost black eyes, skin that normally looks like it has a nice tan pale and sweaty, tears leaking from his eyes.*

*The thing that stood out to Karl the most however, were a pair of golden wings that looked as though an arrow ran through them and the feathery ears sticking out from the man's back and head.*

*The raven haired man stopped, wings tensing and raising in a way to make himself look bigger as he stared Karl down with wide eyes.*

*Karl noted he had blood running down his face and arm, cuts open in his clothes as if he was attacked before running through throned shrubbery.*

*They both stared at each other, the other male's eyes nervously flicking between the sword held tightly in the time traveler's hand and his mismatched eyes.*

*"L-Look man... just, uh, let's get too hasty, ey?" The short avian in front of him chuckled, wings twitching. "I'm not looking for any trouble, I swear—"*

*Well, from this guy's condition he can definitely tell he isn't looking for any trouble. Most likely running away from trouble. So, after looking him over for any visible weapons, (either he has none or they're hidden, which would be stupid considering he's running away from a fight), he lowers the sword he's holding.*

*"It's okay." He reassures, making his voice soft. "I won't hurt you, you're running away from him, aren't you?"*

*The avian's eyes widened, and that was that.*

---

*He didn't know how or even why he let himself indulge in this.*

*It's stupid of him, foolish even, to consider love of all things in this predicament, but...*

*Q is just so good. It's nice to have someone around, especially someone as funny and nice as Quackity. It helps a little that he's handsome.*

*Quackity who he's stayed with for so long. Quackity who despite everything, seemed to never want to leave him alone either. Quackity who helped him when his head got too muddy or when he got sick from moving through time.*

*He was more... careful, now that he had someone he didn't want to leave behind. He really, really didn't want Q to forget him, which was stupid — Quackity doesn't even know he has feelings for him, much less knowing that he can go through time.*

*He can't find the courage to say anything, not in this scenario, not until it's too late.*

*It was supposed to be fine, it wasn't supposed to go wrong.*

*They've gotten too comfortable, with their small base and their 3 lives still intact, they felt safe.*

*So when they went out, fooling around in the woods as they tried to tame a small baby fox at Karl's request, (so stupid, so insignificant, but he thought it'd make Q happy, he did find them cute after all), is when the familiar flapping of wings drew their attention.*

*They slowly turned.*

*And there stood Black Death himself, casting a large shadow over them both.*

*It all happened so fast, he reacted as fast as he could, tugging Quackity — **His** Quackity — out of the way of the incoming arrow, hissing when it grazed his arm instead.*

*He didn't stop, pulling his... friend (calling him just a friend felt like pulling teeth) behind him, ducking under vines and branches as they weaved through the trees.*

*He saw another arrow whiz past their head, and gritted his teeth. "LEAVE US ALONE!" He yelled over his shoulder, making sure the ravenette stayed in front of him.*

*Karl could try and loop them back through time, but he's never done it with anyone else, but...*

*He doesn't want either of them to lose a life, he doesn't deserve it, neither of them does, he won't —*

*He tripped.*

*Gasping, he went down with the book that materialized from his inventory, the tome thudding against the ground along with him.*

*Quackity gasped beside him, and halted to a stop, big eyes staring at Karl with horror and some sort of remembrance.*

*The duck hybrid sees a figure behind them, and this time he doesn't hesitate to kneel down beside Karl.*

*"Karl, Karlos get up! —" The raven haired man pleaded for him, and Karl's heart ached as he rushed to get up, only to yelp at the pain in his arm.*

*"Fuck! — My arm —" He cursed under his breath, scrambling to sit up and reaching for the book with his other hand. "It's broken, ngh — that doesn't matter, let's —"*

*He looked behind them.*

*Time didn't stop.*

*And then, there was a squelch.*

*Quackity dropped to the ground beside him, an arrow sticking out of his eye and a permanent horrified expression on his face.*

***Quackity was slain by Philza using the Mercy Of Elysium***

*Karl doesn't remember when he started screaming.*

---

*It's been a while since then, unfortunately Quackity died instantly from the injury, one life gone and done for because they weren't careful enough.*

*The only way he even managed to get away was by, stupidly, throwing a rock in Black Death's face, picking up the corpse and sprinting away as fast as he could.*

*He doesn't... remember much, especially when Quackity finally started waking up from his momentary death. If it was anyone else he'd say the sight of the body healing itself was fascinating, but on Q's face the empty eye socket only made him sick.*

*Honestly, the only reason he didn't break down and suggest he leave is because of the entire fiasco that happened after the Mexican woke up.*

*A groan startled the brunette out of his thoughts, seeing Quackity sitting up on the bed with a hand hovering over the bandages covering his eye.*

*Karl didn't stop himself from lunging, wrapping himself around the shorter male and letting out a broken sob.*

*The other male let out a surprised chirp. "Karl?" He muttered, shifting around and wrapping his arms around the brunette. "Mi cielo, why are you crying?"*

*The double coloured eyed male pulled back, aggressively rubbing his eyes, trying to get rid of the tears that relentlessly continued to pour out of his eyes and stained his cheeks. "You — why am I crying?! You died, Quackity!"*

*Quackity frowned, the expression looking unfamiliar on his usually smiling face. "I know that, but... I'm still here, If it weren't for you I'd be gone permanently."*

*Karl scoffed indignantly. "You should've just ran —" He reeled back when the man in front of him slapped him over the head, giving Quackity a shocked look as the other stared at him angrily, tears welling in his eye.*

*"I couldn't —" He hissed. "Not again, not **ever**, I love you, idiot! You i-in your stupid fucking hoodie, and your dumb smile!"*

*Karl gaped.*

*Quackity flushed. "I mean —"*

*And well, that's how he got himself one boyfriend.*

---

*Things got better after that, even if Q seemed to get annoyed at how overprotective Karl seemed to*

*be, though he never complained about it.*

*Then, they met the disaster named Sapnap.*

*Well, met is an understatement.*

*More like, they found his unconscious body laying on the ground just outside of their grove, blood pooling underneath him. Though there seemed to be no deathly wound on him, the only remnants on him being a scar through the hole in his shirt.*

*Karl looked at Quackity, and his boyfriend looked at him, giving him a grimace, though he seemed concerned...*

*Before all of this, before Karl came to this SMP, Karl used to be kinder. He would've immediately jumped forward to help, but now?*

*This person might hurt Quackity, might hurt him, but...*

*The pull.*

*He felt this before, before he came here, before he met Quackity...*

*He sighed.*

*"Come on..." He muttered, going over to the unconscious man and lifting him up into his arms. Q came over nervously, hands flitting over the stranger to assess his injuries, thankfully none of them seemed deadly.*

*Observing the man, he noted that despite his current disposition, he seems healthy otherwise. Messy black hair with some white going through it at the back, orange horns and tail, so he assumes he's some sort of netherborn hybrid.*

*"Let's go, we can't stay out here," His boyfriend whispered. "We still need to move our shit to the new base in that mesa."*

*And so they headed off.*

*They never checked Sapnap's life count, assuming there was either 2 or 1 heart still left.*

---

*Life with Sapnap was surprisingly nice.*

*Karl assumed that he'd feel uncomfortable with a stranger around, even with the weird pull both him and Quackity seemed to feel towards the blaze hybrid.*

*Sapnap also seems to really like them too, especially when they all successfully moved to the underground base in the Mesa.*

*And well... Sapnap...*

*"Heyyy Karl," The brunette startled, almost dropping his tome on the ground in fright. "Crap, sorry!"*

*The raven haired man didn't sound sorry at all.*

*The brunette huffed as he gave the tall blaze hybrid a small pout, which only made Sapnap snicker.*

Karl rolled his eyes. "Yeah, Yeah, laugh it up..." He muttered as he vanished the book back into his inventory. "What do you need?" The brunette asked curiously, leaning back against the couch, tapping his fingers on the armrest absentmindedly.

Sapnap sat down, looking a bit ruffled. "Well..." He said, tail flicking back and forth, showing his nervousness. "I've been kind of walking circles around both you and Big Q, and I know I'm intruding, so..." The black haired man blinked his orange eyes. "I thought... Maybe we could hang out? A bit more... you know, if you... want to..." The more he spoke, the less sure he sounded of what he was saying.

Karl was amused. "Sure, but you have to hang out with both of us, not just me," He teased, watching as Sapnap flushed in embarrassment.

"Of course, who do you take me for?!" The blaze hybrid squawked, before gently punching his shoulder. "I'm not a dirtbag, you know?"

He really wasn't a dirtbag, not after both he and Quackity fell in love with the man who would dance with them in the middle of the night while listening to the jukebox. The one who would make slightly burnt pumpkin cookies and would go out to bring back things for them despite them scolding him for going out alone, especially when they found out he already died twice.

Karl and Q agreed to try and see if he likes them back. It wasn't very surprising to see that he does, as soon as the duck hybrid started to flirt with him (especially in Spanish), Sapnap would blush and stammer, and when Karl would "accidentally" brush up against him, he'd always tense up and his ears would perk up in interest.

Sapnap surprised them by asking them out with handpicked flowers and new clothes, ones that would suit their warm environment more.

It was beautiful.

It felt right.

But...

This server, it's cursed.

Nothing good ever lasts here.

---

Quackity's jugular sliced open, eye glassy as it stared up into the sky, wings unwrapped from their uncomfortable binds that he wore so they wouldn't get injured...

He rewinds, reminding Q that it's supposed to rain today, and that he should stay at home and help with the farm instead of going out for more wood.

Sapnap's motionless body hanging from the tree, blood dripping down from his wound and mouth into a puddle on the ground...

He rewinds again, telling Sapnap he's feeling sick and would rather have both his partners by his side that day.

Dream's dead body on the edge of the woods, Sapnap's wail echoing its grief around the trees...

He rewinds again, making sure to divert black deaths attention anywhere but to Dream's current

*whereabouts.*

*Sapnap and Quackity, dead and curled together —*

*He rewinds.*

*He finds excuses.*

*Again, and again, and again.*

*But no matter what he does, no matter how many times he fixes death, how many times he tries to take down that wretched angel by himself, every time he goes back to the present, it's all the same.*

*It's him, in the same graveyard, standing alone.*

*Timeless.*

*Until....*

*One day, just after once again diverting Black Death's attention away from Dream by taking him on a wild goose chase through the woods, he almost doesn't believe his eyes when he half heartedly traveled forward in time, only to see a bright, grassy plane full of trees and flowers and houses, instead of a big cemetery.*

*He gapes at the scenery, his book falling to the ground as he falls to his knees in disbelief.*

*There, in the distance, is him.*

*He's seen himself before, of course! But never this far in the future!*

*His name's always been on one of the many gravestones, right next to his fiancée's.*

*Imagine his shock when he sees Quackity and Sapnap walk up behind him, laughing and shouting without a care in the world before setting down a blanket and plopping down on it.*

*What happened?*

*What changed?*

*Just then, a tall, gangly figure emerges from the woods, he's close enough to make out their features, but far enough so they don't seem to spot him, too engrossed in their own conversation.*

*The boy, a blonde haired teenager, with a big, oversized brown jacket, a ratty green bandana and a glowing flower crown on his head is smiling wildly, despite the scars littering his face, he's holding a basket full of what looks like pastries, and he casually throws himself onto the blanket between future him and Quackity.*

*He sees Q laugh and slap his back, wings (prime, he hasn't seen Q's wings that healthy in a long time) fluttering in such a distinct way that Karl can tell he's holding back a chirp, he almost startles when his fiancée calls the boy "Tomás!" In a joyful tone.*

*He flinches back when he suddenly sees himself look over to where he is, but instead of a paradox happening like he expected, the man just smiled and nodded towards the blonde boy discreetly, before mouthing a sentence Karl couldn't believe.*

*"He's the key."*

---

*He tried his best to find the boy when he flashed back to his own time, but he seems to not be anywhere, he's never seen him before, and he doesn't know where to look, so when Quackcity tells him that he met a blonde haired scarred kid at the Christmas party he went to (one that Karl almost begged him not to go to), he almost falls over himself in excitement.*

*His name's Tommy, apparently, and he's staying with Dream.*

*Dream of all people.*

*He doesn't have anything against him, of course! He's fond of the man, after all, they've been friends when he first came here, and he's managed to save the sandy haired blonde from death more than once, but....*

*Dream's a huge target, for some reason, and if Tommy's with him he might be too.*

*So he resolved to make sure to check up on them, just... just in case.*

---

*It's a good thing he did, because apparently Tommy got fucking kidnapped.*

*It didn't take him long to take him out, even if it meant having to take more than one person through time with him (technically, Will doesn't have any body mass, but it's the thought that counts), but it turned out fine in the end, nobody lost their limbs.*

*He even managed to securely get the new group he acquired back to his base (Seriously, how did **George** come into all of this, last time he saw that guy he was stuck in the grotto that weird dude made for him), and it was all fine!*

*... Tommy wanted to save Technoblade.*

*And well, peeking into the future, he saw no difference to the picnic they are going to have, so he assumed everything would go fine!*

*Staring at Sapnap's decapitated head, he thinks to himself...*

*'How did this happen?'*

*The blood pools under the headless body, and Karl barely registered anything other than the beating of his heart and the sound of Quackcity screaming in the background.*

*'How does the future look the way it does if this is what happens?'*

*It's the woes of time, he supposes.*

## Chapter End Notes

Mi cielo - My sky in Spanish

I am not at all fluent in Spanish, however my editor speaks it much better than me

---

Karl after jumping through time for the 397592th time: it's not that bad just hang on

Tommy: i don't believe you

Karl the first time: \*fucking dies\*

---

Karl: i don't have a type

Quackity and Sapnap, both men with black hair and tan skin and darkish eyes: \*exist\*

Karl:

Karl: fuck

---

Karl from the past: omae wa mou shindeiru

Karl in front of his own grave: nANi?!

---

Karl: here's the entire backstory of this fucked up au from my pov because I keep suffering, it's been years, help me :Do

---

Tommy: \*exists\*

Karl: IS THAT A TOMMY? IS THAT A LIMITED EDITION WORLD SAVIOUR?

---

Karl: I see it...I see it! It's an embrace! You have to embrace...

Daydream: who?!

Karl: \*shows George\*

Daydream:.... GEORGE?!

---

Daydream: \*holding a sword to George's throat\* leave me and my emotional support adopted son alone

Tommy: can we get McDonald's

Daydream: \*falls over himself\* of course anything for you my sunray!

---

George, living in isolation and being constantly out of it, seeing DD again after years:  
Damn he thicc

---

Karl: I would fight a ghost for you

Quackity:

Karl: \*tries to punch Glatt but fall through him\*

Glatt: This is who you replaced me with?



Sapnap: \*sucker punches Glatt\*

---

Daydream: is it just me or does it smell like dead rat in here?

Tommy: that's you, go shower.

---

Ghostby: i hate you

Daydream: uh-huh

Ghostby: you're *annoying*

Daydream: yeah?

Ghostby: and you're *ugly*

Daydream: okay

Ghostby:

Daydream:

Ghostby: \*bursts into tears\* I miss Tommy

Daydream, deadpanning: *he is literally just in the shower*

Ghostby: \*cries harder\*

Daydream: ....there there \*pat pat\*

## Chapter 20 | Death's Bleeding Heart

### Chapter Summary

Tommy's only ever felt this kind of anger once, when Wilbur died back in his original universe.

Back then, he had to be held back, kicking and screaming so that he wouldn't attack Phil.

But now?

*Now he won't let himself be held back.*

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There was nothing, no noise could penetrate the sound of blood pumping in his ears. Adrenaline running high in his veins as he stared down at the bodiless head of a friend, someone he admired and came to trust over the time he spent with him.

His mouth opened and closed like a fish, not able to register the commotion around him as someone— *his dad*— clutched him close, the familiar cold pressure against his back grounding him at least a little bit.

*Wilby* is still here, and *Phil's* right there. **Sapnap's dead.**

***Sapnap's dead.***

Usually, his anger is hot and blazing, flames flying high and licking up the rafters of the house that's his mind. But now, he feels cold.

This rage is *icy*, it doesn't simmer or rear up like a forest fire, but it spreads surely into every corner of his body until he feels nothing but a freezing chill, the seething kind of anger he only ever experienced once.

The anger he felt when Wilbur died. When he saw his original ***father*** drive a sword through his brother's chest, back breaking under the pressure of the brunette's begging.

Tommy had to be held back from rushing there and tearing the older man to shreds while sobbing, only until Technoblade made his way over and proceeded to fuck up the situation even more.

But now?

*Now he won't let himself be held back.*

The blonde didn't waste a second as he wrenched himself away from Daydream, the older letting out a startled yelp as he was suddenly fumbling to catch Ghostby, miserably failing as the specter

fell off Tommy's back and passed through his shocked guardian with a squeak. (*Something Tommy would feel bad about later.*)

Right now, all the blonde cared about was tearing Philza a new one.

With the speed of a veteran soldier, the blue eyed boy rushed the angel of death, skillfully dodging any snatching attempts from his guardian as he called out for him, feet narrowly missing the decapitated head of his friend as he summoned the axe of peace from his inventory.

The avian in front of him barely had time to block the blow from the enraged teenager, eyes wide and glinting under the shadow of his hood as he pushed back against the younger blonde.

"*Chickadee!*—" The angel rasped, stumbling back when Tommy swung at him, pushing him away from the rest of the group and taking a protective stance in front of them. "What?—"

"Shut—" Tommy snarled, rearing back to strike at the old man again. "*Up!*"

The next strike from the golden haired boy was so hard, it looked like the axe of the death angel had splintered in half, causing a strangled curse to come out of the man in front of him as he stumbled back.

Tommy didn't hesitate, raising a foot and landing a kick straight to the side of the demented man's head, immediately planting a foot on his chest as the man fell on his back.

There was a chilling bout of silence as he pressed the axe against the neck of the angel, the only thing that could be heard was the heavy breathing of two fighters and the quiet sobbing of Quackity behind him.

The quiet didn't last long, but Tommy just jerked his head and spoke very firmly, something that doesn't happen very often.

"Stay where you are." The blonde teen said, eyes narrowing as the footsteps behind him ceased. "Take care of George and Karl, they're injured, *I can handle this.*"

There was another moment of silence, and Tommy sighed "*Dad, please.*"

A vengeful part of him would revel in the way Phil flinched under him as he said that, but the larger part was just relieved when, after a moment, the footsteps resumed in a different direction.

He dug his foot more into the bastard's chest, eyes hard and steely as he stared at the defeated avian. "I know you won't fucking hurt me," Tommy said, absentmindedly thinking of how he sounded so much like back when he killed *Dream* in the bunker before they put him in the prison. "But if you dare try anything, anything at *all* while we talk, I swear to prime I'll find a way to remove your immortality without *her* help."

Philza winced, mouth opening and closing as he stared up at the blue eyed boy, making him sigh. "We will sit here, you won't kill anyone, and you'll bring back anyone and everyone who you can."

The older man widened his eyes "I can't do that, *she* won't answe—"

"She will after I get through your stupidass head that what you're doing isn't gonna fix anything!" Tommy shouted, the sound echoing through the forest. "Killing everyone who's an '*issue*' isn't going to bring peace to the server, it's going to *destroy* it!"

Phil's face scrunched up in metaphorical pain. "But *she*—" He gulped when the blade dug a bit

more into his jugular, as if to say '*don't mess this up*'. "I just thought I was doing the best I could... For her..."

Tommy scoffed, "Clearly not! Fuck's sake... you're really fucked up, aren't you?" He murmured the last part, but he's pretty sure Phil heard it from the grimace the older blonde gave him.

"Do you even know how many people you've hurt?" Tommy continued, "How many families you've torn apart?"

The angel's wings fluttered as he closed his eyes, face looking pained. "I... I know..."

"Then why? Why the fuck would you destroy your own family? Why destroy others? Surely it wasn't just for the *greater good, or to please your love*." He said the last two sentences almost mockingly, spite colouring his tone as he narrowed his eyes.

"Because..." Philza shuddered, "I'm selfish, Tommy."

The blonde paused. "What?"

"I'm a selfish man." The older blonde sat up when Tommy slowly stepped away from him. "I was... jealous."

"*Jealous*?" He sputtered, blinking owlishly, mouth slowly falling open when the black robed man nodded mournfully.

"Tom... *Chickadee*..." Phil said heavily, wings rearing up in an uncomfortable way, blue eyes glowing ominously as he stared at Tommy. Despite him sitting on the ground, the teen, at that moment, felt incredibly small compared to the angel of death.

"Do you know why you don't exist here? Why this universe doesn't hold your soul's existence in it?" Tommy shook his head mutely. "It's because you died as a *baby*, I never met you, neither did Kristen, we never got a chance to meet you."

Tommy felt very cold all of the sudden.

"Because even if you don't exist here, things would eventually turn out the same, despite everything."

He really... needed to sit down.

"I thought... if I could stop that, I'd be avenging you, in a way... I'm sorry Tommy, I really am."

The teen took a deep breath.

"Philza, that's the single stupidest fucking reason I've ever heard." He said, voice shaking more than he'd like it to. "But... I... I guess, if you can fix things, then I can't really fault you for everything, huh? Just... For the love of prime, if Kristen doesn't take away your immortality, let me help you get *better*."

If he was younger, he would've probably killed him.

If Tommy didn't know what it feels like to lose everything, he'd have probably slit this man's throat.

But...

Tommy is older than he was before exile, wiser despite his trauma and childish attitude, and while the rest of the people here don't owe anything to this man, and neither does he, a part of him wants to help him.

Tommy thinks Puffy would be proud of him.

The scarred teenager plopped onto the ground in front of the deranged angel, carefully listening to the sounds behind him pausing as he gazed at the sapphire eyes of the man who's practically ruined the server.

"Let's start with recent stuff." He murmured, reaching out and grabbing onto the old man's hands, holding back a shudder at the cold that permanted his already freezing hands. "I'm sure she'll answer you now, okay? Maybe you can't fix it all, but you can start anew... dickhead."

Phil just snorted, before nodding and closing his eyes.

It only took a second before the angel's eyes shot wide open, glowing a bright white as he stared forward.

Tommy let go of Philza's hands and sighed in relief.

It's going to be okay.

*It's going to be okay.*

He shuffled back, hopping onto his feet and hurrying over to where Sapnap's body was, barely acknowledging Ghostby immediately flying to his side.

"Come on," He muttered to his brother. "Let's put his head back on his body when he comes back."

Ghostby jerked, looking surprised. "W-Wait, he's?-" The ghost gaped. "Yeah, Yeah he is." Tommy answered, glancing at the battered group as they gazed at the angel wearily. DD looked torn between if he should attempt to stab said angel or if he should rush over to Tommy and away from George's injured form.

"We just gotta wait a little..."

---

*Philza opened his eyes and for the first time in almost 10 years, he saw the familiar galactic space rift where his wife usually resides, feeling both dread and anticipation as he turned around to see the large and imposing figure of the being he loved.*

*Despite this, he felt no fear, rather both overwhelming love, shame, guilt and sadness.*

*Kristen gave him a hard, steely look, but even then, there was something soft buried underneath it.*

*"Hello, my love." He murmured, eyes crinkling at the corners as he smiled up at her, having to hold back a chuckle as the steely expression wavered. "I really fucked up this time, didn't I?"*

*The Goddesses lips twitched as she sat down, multiple wings shifting behind her as she glared down at the blonde man. "Indeed you did."*

*He let himself be scooped up into her palms. "Fortunately for you, rather than squishing you like the cockroach you've been behaving like, you're lucky enough to still be loved by me," She scoffed. "You'll **fix** everything, and you won't ever do something like this again unless you desire to be*

*plucked like a chicken and served as dinner on a Sunday roast, **do you understand?**"*

*Phil shuddered. "Yes, dearest."*

*"That's "My Goddess" to you until you redeem yourself, Philza Minecraft" She said sternly. "Now go revive the blaze."*

*The angel gulped, but nodded rapidly. "Yes, my Goddess"*

*"Very good."*

---

The next thing they knew, Sapnap's body glowed a bright golden colour, and suddenly, with a small scream, the head was reattached to the body as Sapnap basically flew up, hands crawling at his neck as he rasped, the white hair at the back of his head now being big enough to be put into a ponytail.

Tommy gaped, he wanted to punch himself for not really acknowledging the white part of Sapnap's hair. It means he was revived more than once... of course, but how?

He didn't have much time to think about that, since at the moment Sapnap was practically bowled over by both Karl and Quackity, DD being not that far behind them as he was carrying George over.

Tommy kind of sat there awkwardly as everyone cried, he supposed he should feel bad about not crying, but he was too angry in the moment when it happened and now he was just relieved, especially when Ghostby clung to his arm and DD slowly wrapped his arms around both of them.

All of them jerked their heads forward when they heard a sound from where Philza was sitting. Seeing the man getting up and brushing off his robes, giving the group a mournful look before he opened his mouth. "It is done." He murmured. "Everyone who's wanted to be revived is alive again," He spoke, voice sounding light and heavy at the same time. "That's all I can do."

Tommy saw Karl rear up and open his mouth out of the corner of his eye, but he intercepted. "But what about..."

"Wilbur?" Phil interrupted, frowning as Ghostby flinched at the mention of his name. "He's already here, he never truly left, Tommy, he simply... merged with his ghost."

Tommy frowned, before turning to Ghostby, but the question died on his tongue as the spectre just nodded and buried his face in the fluff of his jacket.

He sighed and pulled the brunette closer, murmuring. "It's okay, It's okay..." He rocked back and forth, before looking up when he felt DD detangle himself from the hug pile, wondering what he was thinking about doing...

---

"What about my m—" DD spoke up, but stopped himself, throat suddenly dry as he looked around the forest, eyes flickering to his kids sitting on the ground next to Sapnap, George, Karl and Quackity.

Philza, the angel of death, standing right in front of him with a look on his face that he thought he'd never see on the other man's face. Pity. Or was it sympathy? It's been too long, he couldn't tell regardless.

“She was one of the few who wished to remain,” Philza divulged, a frown on his face. DD shook his head, barely managing to keep the rest of his body in check. “N-No...” He whispered.

*She wouldn't.* She knew he needed her, he needed her so bad. They needed to make up for lost time. He turned on Philza, brows furrowed, with his mask long forgotten back on the ground of the camp they abandoned. Tears streaked his face, he himself not even realizing he had started to cry.

“She wouldn't!” He yelled, shoving a fist into the angel's chest. He barely managed to contain himself from grabbing the man's robes all together. His breaths were short and he could barely see Philza's frown through all the tears, but he kept himself standing. “Y-You're lying, sh-she's stuck there o-o-or something! You ha-have to be lying!” He cried.

His legs finally gave up beneath him as he sank to the angel's feet, gripping onto the end of his robes so tight as he shook from stifled choked sobs. Weak protests of denial left him, mutterings of lies he refused to believe. He didn't even stop when the man he gripped so tightly kneeled in front of him and grabbed his face with the tenderness of a father.

Daydream looked at him brokenly, lip bitten raw, face red and wet with suffering. Philza slowly wiped away one of the many tears, sighing softly.

“I cannot change what has already been determined,” He said solemnly, frowning in sympathy at the broken whimper he received in turn. “But you among everyone else deserve closure.”

DD looked on in confusion, breaths still ragged as Philza cupped his face and leaned their foreheads together. “Take as long as you need, it's the least I can do in return.” He whispered softly. “And for the record, I'm very sorry, young one.”

Before the sandy haired blonde could ask what the angel meant, *he found himself on the surface of what seemed to be a boat deck.*

*He remained on the ground, looking around in confusion as to where he was. A brief breeze ruffled his hair as he finally reached up to the stem and pulled himself up. Looking out, he was only greeted back with waves of darkness. A couple cautious ripples here and there as the boat drifted soundlessly.*

*DD was left breathless as he stood there, before his heart dropped and blood turned to ice as he heard a familiar voice, “You're a long way from home, duckling.”*

*He turned quickly to be greeted with that familiar white tuft of hair, and that motherly smile, familiar green eyes forlorn as they watched him.*

*“Been a while hasn't it?” She attempted to quip, but it came out joylessly. DD found himself unable to speak, a rock seemingly lodged in his throat as he took a few cautious steps before burying himself into her arms and clutching so tightly. He'd never let go again.*

*She threaded her hands through his hair, leading them slowly to sit down on the main deck as her son bawled into her shoulder. Puffy hummed softly, rocking them back and forth with the little sway the boat did, letting DD let out years and years worth of emotion she'd sure he had buried away.*

*“I mis-missed you —” He sobbed, holding on even tighter, as if that were possible. “I missed yo-you so much, ma...” Puffy gently hushed him and kissed the top of his wild hair. It still remained as wild, and the thought made her smile fondly. He hiccuped and wept into her shoulder, slowly easing into her peaceful brushes.*

*"I'm here now, duckling..." She whispered, brushing a few strands from his forehead and kissing him there. "We have all the time in the world, I'm not going anywhere," Softly carding her hand through his hair once more she hugged him just as tightly back.*

*They would take as long as he needed to find the closure he needed, for as she held her broken son in her arms, she would help him through this.*

***Just like all those years ago.***

---

As Tommy watched DD be brought into limbo temporarily, he jumped as Karl put a hand on his shoulder, pulling him into a hug.

The blonde flushed, embarrassed by the random act of affection from Karl, but before he could quip at him for being clingy...

"Thank you" Karl hiccuped. ***"Thank you Tommy, thank you"***

He stuttered. "What– The fuck are you on about?—" Only to squeak when he was basically brought into a group hug with Sapnap and Quackity as well.

Quackity let out an almost hysterical giggle. "What do you mean *'What he's on about?'*, nino?" He sounded incredibly amused as he continued, "You basically scolded a god into fixing the wreckage he caused like a little kid! You got him to bring Sapnap back to us!"

Tommy flushed, and glanced over at George who was propped up against them.

The man gave him a tired smile. "You did good, Toms, just like XD thought..."

The rest of them seemed confused, but Tommy knew exactly what George meant.

Things were finally ready to start looking up.

## Chapter End Notes

Were almost at the end, what more could happen?

The Pandora's box is never truly closed

---

Karl: i owe this child my life, he saved us and me from suffering, managed to make my beloved come back to life and even promised me a nice future picnic, he is the best

Tommy: Wow this guy sounds cool, can I meet him?

Karl:

Tommy:

---

Philza: i am a serial murderer with twisted morals, I kill people to achieve my own twisted sense of world peace and have gone absolutely insane because my wife has been ignoring my crows, also I isola-



Karl: die

Philza: I will stab-

Tommy: shut up, you're so fucking stupid

Philza: Oh Tommy I'm sorry :((((

---

Daydream: Sunray are you alright?

Tommy: *Dad, George is bleeding out*

Daydream: yeah and???

---

Technoblade still waiting for rescue: Charles I feel like I'm going kind of crazy since no one's here

Chat:

Charles the rock:

Technoblade: yeah nevermind you're right I'm doing great

---

Daydream: are we going to talk about your lives now?

Tommy: *'oh no, he remembers, play dumb*

Tommy: what the fuck are lives

Daydream:

Tommy: *'NOT THAT DUMB'*

---

George: I don't know Q I feel like he's been distancing himself from me

Quackity: George I don't know how to tell you this but if this is Daydream distancing himself then I don't know what you consider you two getting along.

## End Notes

Wow okay this is me and my friends first big project!!

I have the whole plot planned out and written out, so if i try really hard I can actually finish this!

Our [Tumblr](#)! Ask box is open, and we put art there!

SaveEvans (The authors!) [Instagram](#)!! I share art of the fic here!

Seriochols (The editors!) [Instagram!!](#) I share art of the fic here!

SaveEvans Twitter! @Pan\_ini\_Bread\_ , I also share art here !

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!